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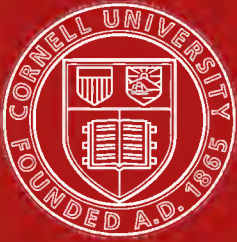
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AS RE-WRITTEN OR RE-ARRANGED BY HIS
SUCCESSORS OF THE RESTORATION PERIOD

As presented at the Dukes Theatre and
elsewhere *circa* 1664-1669

*Being the text of these so-reetored Plays with
the First Folio Shakespeare text
with Critical Introductions*

The Bankside=Restoration Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS
1908

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Of this and of each volume of THE BANKSIDE-RESTORATION SERIES, only Two Hundred and Fifty Sets are made, for any purpose whatever, and this volume is a number of Set-----⁸⁷-----

-----*Wm. M. ...*-----
PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK
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The Bankside-Restoration Shakespeare

THE TEMPEST

*(The Text of the Folio of 1623 with that as revised finally by
John Dryden in his Second Edition of 1676.)*

With an Introduction

BY

FREDERICK W. KILBOURNE, PH. D. (YALE)

*An Honorary Member of The Shakespeare Society of New
York, Author of "Alterations and Adaptations
of Shakespeare," etc.*

NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
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INTRODUCTION

The play printed beside Shakespeare's in this volume is the result of a fatuous attempt to improve a play which seems to us nowadays well-nigh unsusceptible of being bettered, and is the crowning concrete manifestation of both the lack of reverence for Shakespeare and the depraved dramatic taste characteristic of the period which produced the play. It is by far the worst of all the altered versions of Shakespeare and it is not too much to say that the production of its superior in this respect is hardly within the range of possibility. Furness has well said: "Unless we read it, no imagination, derived from a mere description, can adequately depict its monstrosity—to be fully hated it must be fully seen. Than this version, there is, I think, in the realm of literature no more flagrant instance to be found of *lese magesté*." Those who will take the trouble and spend the time necessary to read it, and it is worth reading only as throwing light on the low state of the stage at the time and, through comparison, on Shakespeare as a dramatic artist, will find that this characterization of it is a just one. Yet in spite of the revised play's but too evident badness, it greatly pleased the theatre-goers, Pepys, who has six references to it, testifying that the house was "very full" at its representations.

And the perpetrators of this literary high crime were two poets laureate, one of them, D'Avenant, to be sure, a poetaster, but the other, Dryden, a man if not of genius, at least of great talent, the most considerable literary figure of his day and still one of the great names of our literature for the excellence both of his poetical satire and of his prose! But play-writing, was not his forte, as his revisions of Shakespeare prove conclusively, even if his own plays do not do so,—as they do.

This travesty was written, we learn from Pepys and the epilogue, in 1667, but was not printed until 1670, after D'Avenant's death. The occasion of this treatment of the play was its selection by D'Avenant as one of the plays to be produced as a dramatic opera when that then new species was devised by him, as master of the Duke's Company, to counteract the

drawing ability of the better acting of the King's Company, of which Betterton was the head.

These dramatic operas made great use of expensive scenery and habits, and of vocal music and dancing, the employment of movable scenery and machines of various kinds making it possible to produce elaborate spectacular effects, which were in striking contrast to the simplicity of the stage settings of the earlier time, when there were comparatively few and primitive accessories. Now the adding of operatic features to "The Tempest" is not in itself so very reprehensible, for the play it of such a character as to lend itself readily, and not necessarily improperly, to the production of scenic effects and the introduction of music; so had D'Avenant and Dryden been content with this alone one would not be inclined to censure them greatly.

But alas for "The Tempest" for the time being and for the reputation of these worthies for all time, this was not enough. The perversely fertile brain of D'Avenant had conceived a dramatic theory which he put into practice in the several Shakespeare revisions for which he is, either wholly or partly, responsible. This is, that the duplication, or pairing and contrasting on an equal footing, of leading characters will be more effective than the having of one or two principals with subordinate characters acting as foils to them. Applying this theory to "The Tempest," many changes in the plot suggested themselves as most happy to him and to his friend Dryden, and so the two set about working them out. That this notion was, with respect to this play, the invention of D'Avenant we have the testimony of Dryden, who, in his preface to the first edition of the new play, expressly attributes to D'Avenant "the counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, namely, that of a man who had never seen a woman; that by this means the two characters of innocence and love might the more illustrate and commend each other." "This excellent contrivance", he goes on to say, "he was pleased to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess from the very first moment it so pleased me that I never writ anything with more delight." "The conical parts of the sailors" were also the invention of D'Avenant and were for the most part written by him, "as you will easily discover," Dryden says, with unconscious humor, "by the style."

The subtitle "The Enchanted Island" was added to the play, seemingly to be in conformity with the custom of the time which demanded a sub-

title as well as a title. Going over the *dramatis personæ* we find several changes in those of the original play and several additions. Alonso is Duke of Savoy and usurper of the Dukedom of Mantua; Sebastian is omitted; Gonzalo, of course, is a nobleman of Savoy; Stephano is master of the ship, instead of a drunken butler; and Trincalo (*sic*) is boatswain. The new characters are Hippolito, who had never seen a woman, heir of the Dukedom of Mantua; Mustacho, mate to Stephano; Ventoso, a mariner; Dorinda, sister to Miranda; Sycorax, sister to Caliban. Even Ariel has a duplicate in Milcha, who sings the song, "Full fathom five," etc. There were introduced into the *mise-en-scène* elaborate representations of a tempest and of an enchanted island.

As the reader has the new play before him it will not be necessary to analyze in detail the many changes by which our two worthies have converted the original play into a monstrosity. Some of the principal instances in which their heavy hands are most shown are in the vapid stuff put into the mouth of Dorinda and Miranda; the ridiculous alteration of the shipwreck scene, in which many of the orders, both those new and those modified from Shakespeare, are said by experts to be either meaningless or else calculated to effect the opposite of what was demanded by the circumstances; the scenes in which Hippolito figures; the echoing by Ariel of Ferdinand's singing to raise his spirits, a feature that pleased the immortal diarist so mightily that he had a musician prick down the notes for him; the playing at cross purposes between the pairs of young people; the coarsening of the parts of the comic characters; and the lowering of the characterization of Prospero and Miranda.

All this makes the outrageousness of this travesty but too evident and it seems like beating the air to belabor it with adverse comment. There are several features, however, about which a few words may not seem altogether superfluous. The duplication and contrasting of characters, which, as we have seen, was thought so happy an expedient by our revisers, is wrong in principle, as a comparison with Shakespeare's method discloses. He often contrasts characters and repeats the main features of scenes, but always in such a way as to contribute to the main purpose of the play, one character or scene being kept subordinate that it may heighten the character or scene to which it is designed to serve as a foil. Nowhere has he introduced such obvious counterparts as are characteristic of D'Avenant's "Macbeth" and the present play. Scott has so well criticised this

device in the latter instance that one cannot forbear quoting him at length. "Much cannot be said for D'Avenant's ingenuity in contrasting the character of a woman who had never seen a man, with that of a man who had never seen a woman, or in inventing a sister monster for Caliban. The majestic simplicity of Shakespeare's plan is injured by thus doubling his characters; and his wild landscape is converted into a formal parterre where 'each alley has its brother.' In sketching characters drawn from fancy and not from observation, the palm of genius must rest with the first inventor; others are but copyists, and a copy shows nowhere to such disadvantage as when placed by the original. Besides, although we are delighted with the feminine simplicity of Miranda, it becomes unmanly childishness in Hippolito; and the premature coquetry of Dorinda is disgusting when contrasted with the maidenly purity that chastens the simplicity of Shakespeare's heroine. The latter seems to display, as it were by instinct, the innate dignity of her sex; the former to show, even in solitude, the germ of those vices by which in a voluptuous age the female character becomes degraded."

In the working out of this great change many absurd situations are created and some of the silliest and otherwise most wretched dialogue to be found in all dramatic literature has been produced. It is not only offensive from an artistic viewpoint, but also from a moral one. As Scott truly says, in commenting on this feature, "Miranda's simplicity is converted into indelicacy and Dorinda talks the language of prostitution before she has ever seen a man." And so it is throughout the play. Not content with the inartistic touch of giving Caliban a sister, he must be rendered more degraded than in Shakespeare. Further, the comic characters are converted into low buffoons who do little but quarrel, drink, and utter foul language.

Another new feature, the playing at cross purposes of the two heroes and two heroines, does not please us. While ordinarily a legitimate convention of the drama, it is, as carried out here, so insipid and prolix as to be exceedingly tiresome.

The device used to make Alonso, Antonio, and Gonzalo repent is a clumsy one when compared with Shakespeare's method. But the masque furnished opportunity for that singing, dancing, and scenic decoration for which the alteration was originally undertaken. Further occasion for these features was provided by introducing a masque at the end of the play. The

authors doubtless omitted Shakespeare's masque of *Iris*, *Ceres*, etc., because they thought theirs to be better.

Saintsbury attributes, doubtless rightly, the greater part of this "perversion" to D'Avenant, adducing, among other considerations, the verse, which is "the strange disjointed blank verse, half prose, which was common between 1640 and 1660 and of which D'Avenant has left numerous examples, but which Dryden almost from the first shook off." However, as Dryden has, without being aware that he was thereby stultifying himself, confessed that he wrote much if not all of the parts in which *Hippolito* appears, we are not disposed to relieve him of any of the deserved odium to be cast upon the authors of such a piece.

Not only was the D'Avenant-Dryden "*Tempest*" successful in its own day, but long after it has ceased to be acted, even all through the following century, its baneful influence was potent, for, in 1756, "*The Tempest*" was produced as an opera at Drury Lane, the author incorporating many features from D'Avenant and Dryden and following that alteration often in preference to Shakespeare. The responsibility for this piece is laid, probably rightly, upon Garrick. J. P. Kemble's revision of "*The Tempest*" in 1789 retains *Hippolito* and *Dorinda*, and the masque of *Neptune* and *Amphitrite*, and is full of songs. Often in the comic scenes D'Avenant and Dryden are preferred to Shakespeare. When revising his version for publication in 1815, Kemble restored more of the original but still left the play sadly mangled.

FREDERICK W. KILBOURNE.



THE TEMPEST

THE
TEMPEST,
OR THE
Enchanted Island.

A
COMEDY

As it is now Acted

AT HIS

H I G H N E S S

T H E

Duke of York's Theatre.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Macock*, for *Henry Herringman* at the Sign of the
Blew. Anchor in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*.

M. DC. LXXVI.

P R E F A C E

TO THE

Enchanted Island.

THE writing of Prefaces to Plays, was probably invented by some very ambitious Poet, who never thought he had done enough: Perhaps by some Ape of the French Eloquence, which uses to make a business of a Letter of Gallantry an examen of a Farce; and, in short, a great pomp and ostentation of words on every trifle. This is certainly the Talent of that Nation, and ought not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of gaiety, which would be an imposition upon us.

We may satisfie our selves with furmouthing them in the Scene, and safely leave them those trappings of writing, and flourishes of the Pen, with which they adorn the borders of their Plays, and which are indeed no more than good Landskips to a very indifferent Picture. I must proceed no farther in this argument, lest I run my self beyond my excuse for writing this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, Reader, that I do it not to set a value on any thing I have written in this Play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, who did me the honour to joyn me with him in the alteration of it.

It was originally Shakespear's: a Poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire. The Play itself had formerly been acted with success in the Black-Friers: and our excellent Fletcher had so great a value for it, that he thought fit to make use of the same design, not much varied, a second time. Those who have

seen his Sea-Voyage, may easily discern that it was a Copy of Shakespear's *Tempest: the Storm, the Desert Island, and the Woman who had never seen a man, are all sufficient Testimonies of it. But Fletcher was not the only Poet who made use of Shakespear's Plot: Sir John Suckling, a profess'd admirer of our Author, has follow'd his footsteps in his Goblins; his Regmella being an open imitation of Shakespear's Miranda; & his Spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from Ariel. But Sir William Davenant, as he was a man of quick and piercing imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the design of Shakespear of which neither Fletcher nor Suckling had ever thought: and therefore to put the last hand to it, he design'd the Counter-part to Shakespear's Plot, namely, that of a Man who had never seen a Woman; that by this means those two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent Contrivance he was pleas'd to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess, that from the very first moment it so pleas'd me, that I never writ any thing with more delight. I must likewise do him that justice to acknowledge, that my writing received daily his amendments, and that is the reason why it is not so faulty, as the rest which I have done, without the help or correction of so judicious a Friend. The Comical parts of the *Saylers* were also of his invention, and for the most part his writing, as you will easily discover by the Style. In the time I writ with him, I had the opportunity to observe somewhat more nearly of him than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare acquaintance with him: I found him then of so quick a fancy, that nothing was propos'd to him, on which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprizing: and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latin Proverb, were not always the least happy. And as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man. His corrections were sober and judicious: and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of another man, bestowing twice the time and labour in polishing, which he us'd in invention. It had perhaps been easie enough for me to have arrogated more to myself than was due, in the writing of this Play, and to have pass'd by his name with silence in the Publication of it, with the same ingratitude which others have us'd to him, whose writings he hath not only corrected, as he hath done this, but has had a greater inspection*

over them, and sometimes added whole Scenes together, which may as easily be distinguish'd from the rest as true Gold from counterfeit by the weight. But besides the unworthiness of the Action which deterred me from it (there being nothing so base as to rob the dead of his reputation) I am satisfi'd I could never have receiv'd so much honour, in being thought the Author of any Poem, how excellent soever, as I shall from the joyning my imperfections with the merit and name of Shakespear and Sir William Davenant.

Decemb. 1.

1669.

JOHN DRIDEN.

Prologue

Prologue to the *Tempest*, or the *Enchanted Isle*.

A *S* when a Tree's cut down, the secret Root
 Lives under ground, and thence new Branches shoot;
 So, from old Shakespear's honour'd dust, this day
 Springs ups and buds a new reviving Play.
 Shakespeare, who (taught by none) did first impart
 To Fletcher Wit, to labouring Johnson Art.
 He, monach-like, gave those his Subjects Law.
 And is that Nature which they paint and draw.
 Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
 Whilst Johnson crept and gather'd all below.
 This did his Love, and this his Mirth digest:
 One imitates him most, the other best.
 If they have since out-writ all other Men,
 'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakespeare's Pen.
 The Storm which vanish'd on the neighb'ring shore,
 Was taught by Shakespeare's *Tempest* first to roar.
 That Innocence and Beauty which did smile
 In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.
 But Shakespear's Magick could not copy'd be,
 Within that Circle none durst walk but he.
 I must confess 'was bold, nor would you now
 That liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
 Which works by Magick supernatural things:
 But Shakespear's pow'r is Sacred as a King's,
 Those Legends from old Priesthood were receiv'd,
 And he then writ, as people then believ'd.
 But, if for Shakespear we your grace implore,
 We for our Theatre shall want it more:
 Who by our dearth of youths are forc'd t' employ
 One of our women to present a Boy.
 And that's a transformation, you will say,

*Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.
Let none expect in the last Act to find,
Her sex transform'd from Man to Woman kind.
What e're she was before the Play began,
All you shall see of her is perfect Man.
Or if your fancy will be farther led
To find her Woman, it must be a bed.*

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Iland

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K. of Naples:

Sebastian his Brother.

Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.

Anthonio his brother, the vsurping Duke of Millaine.

Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.

Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.

Adrain, & Francisco, Lords.

Caliban, a saluage and deformed slaue.

Trinculo, a Iester.

Stephano, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.

Boate-Swaine.

Marriners.

Miranda, daughter to Prospero.

Ariell, an ayrie spirit.

Iris |

Ceres |

Iuno | *Spirits.*

Nymphes |

Reapers |

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A LONZO, Duke of *Savoy*, and Ufurper of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.

Ferdinand his Son.

Prospero right Duke of *Millain*.

Antonio his Brother, Ufurper of the Dukedom.

Gonzala, a Nobleman of *Savoy*.

Hippolyto, one that never saw Woman, right Heir of the Dukedom of
Stephano Master of the Ship. *Mantua*.

Mustacho his Mate.

Trincalo Boatfwain.

Ventofo a Marriner.

Several Marriners.

A Cabbin-Boy.

Miranda and

Dorinda

} (Daughters to *Prospero*) that never saw Man.

Ariel an Aiery Spirit, attendant on *Prospero*.

Several Spirits, Guards to *Prospero*.

Caliban,

Sycorax his sifter

} Two Monsters of the Isle.

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

The Front of the Stage is open'd, and the Band of 24 Violins, with the Harpicals and Theorbo's which accompany the Voices, are plac'd between the Pit and Stage. While the Overture is playing, the Curtain rises, and discovers a new Frontispiece, joyn'd to the great Pylasters, on each side of the Stage. This Frontispiece is a noble Arch, supported by large wreathed Columns of the Corinthian Order; the wreathings of the Columns are beautif'd with Roses wound round them, and several Cupids flying about them. On the Cornice, just over the Capitals, sits on either side a Figure, with a Trumpet in one hand, and a Palm in the other, representing Fame. A little farther on the same Cornice, on each side of a Compass-pediment, lie a Lion and a Unicorn, the Supporters of the Royal Arms of England. In the middle of the Arch are several Angels, holding the Kings Arms, as if they were placing them in the midst of that Compass-pediment. Behind this is the Scene, which represents a thick Cloudy Sky, a very Rocky Coast, and a Tempestuous Sea

in perpetual Agitation. This tempest (suppos'd to be rais'd by Magick) has many dreadfull Objects in it, as several Spirits in horrid shapes flying down amongst the Sailors, then rising and crossing in the Air. And when the Ship is sinking, the whole House is darken'd and a shower of Fire falls upon 'em. This is accompanied with Lightning, and several Claps of Thunder, to the end of the Storm.

A C T I.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-Master, and a Botefwaine.

Master.

BOte-fwaine.
Botef. Heere Mafter: What cheere?

Maft. Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our felues a ground, beftirre, beftirre. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Botef. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-fale: Tend to th' Mafters whistle: Blow till thou burft thy winde, if roome enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Botefwaine haue care: where's the Mafter? Play the men.

Botef. I pray now keepe below.

Anth. Where is the Mafter, Bofon?

Botef. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do afsift the fforme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Botef. When the Sea is: hence, what cares thefe roarers for the name of King? to Cabine; filence: trouble vs not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou haft aboard.

Botef. None that I more loue then my felfe. You are a Counfellor, if you can command thefe Elements to filence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vfe your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thanks you haue liu'd fo long, and make your felfe readie in your Cabine for the mifchance of the houre, if it fo hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I fay. [*Exit.*

A C T I.

*Enter Muftacho and Ventoso.**Vent.* **W**Hat a Sea comes in?*Muft.* A hoaming Sea! we fhall have foul weather.*Enter Trincalo.**Trinc.* The Scud comes againft the Wind, 'twill blow hard.*Enter Stephano.**Steph.* Bofen!*Trinc.* Here, Mafter, what fay you?*Steph.* Ill weather! let's off to Sea.*Muft.* Let's have Sea room enough, and then let it blow the Devils head off.*Steph.* Boy! Boy![*Enter Cabin boy.*]*Boy.* Yaw, yaw, here, Mafter.*Steph.* Give the Pilot a dram of the Bottle [*Exeunt Stephano and Boy.*]*Enter Marriners, and pafs over the Stage.**Trinc.* Bring the Cable to the Capftorm.*Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.**Alon.* Good Bofen have a care; where's the Mafter?

Play the men.

Trinc. Pray keep below.*Anto.* Where's the Mafter, Bofen?*Trinc.* Do you not hear him? you hinder us: keep yonr Cabin, you help the ftorm.*Gonz.* Nay good friend be patient.*Trinc.* I, when the Sea is: hence; what care thefe roarers for the name of Duke; to Cabin; filence; trouble us not.*Gonz.* Good friend, remember whom thou haft aboard.*Trinc.* None that I love more than my felf; you are a Counfeller, if you can advife thefe Elements to filence, ufe your wifdom: if you cannot, make your felf ready in the Cabin for the ill hour. Cheerly good hearts! out of our way, Sirs.[*Exeunt Trincalo and Marriners.*]

Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miserable.

Exit.

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow! methinks his complexion is perfect Gallows; stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; Make the Rope of his Destiny our Cable, for our own does little advantage us; if he be not born to be hang'd, we shall be drown'd. [Exit.

Enter Trincalo and Stephano.

Trinc. Up aloft, Lads. Come, reef both Topfails.

Steph. Make haft, let's weigh, let's weigh, and off to Sea.

[Ex. Steph.

Enter two Marriners, and pass over the Stage.

Trinc. Hands down! man your Main-Capstorm.

Enter Mustacho and Ventofo at the other door.

Must. Up aloft! and man your Steere-Capstorm.

Vent. My Lads, my Hearts of gold, get in your Capstorm-Bar. Ho! up, ho! up, &c. [Exeunt Mustacho and Ventofo.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Hold on well! hold on well! nip well there; Quarter-Master, get's more Nippers.

[Exit Steph.

Enter two Marriners, and pass over again.

Trinc. Turn out, turn out, all hands to Capstorm.

You dogs, is this a time to sleep? lubbord.

Heave together, Lads.

[Trincalo whistles.

[Exeunt Mustacho and Ventofo.

Must. within. Our Vial's broke.

Vent. within. 'Tis but our Vial-block has given way. Come heave, Lads! we are fixed again. Heave together, Bullyes.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Cut down the Hammocks! cut down the Hammocks! Come, my Lads: Come Bullyes, cheer up! heave lustily. The Anchor's a peek.

Trinc. Is the Anchor a Peek?

Steph. Is a weigh! is a weigh.

Trinc. Up aloft, my Lads, upon the Fore-castle! Cut the Anchor, cut him.

All within. Haul Catt, Haul Catt, &c. Haul Catt, Haul: Haul Catt, Haul. Below.

Steph. Aft, aft, and lofe the Mifen!

Trinc. Get the Mifen-tack aboard. Haul aft Mifen-fheet!

Enter Muftacho.

Muft. Loofe the Main-top-fail!

Steph. Let him alone, there's too much Wind.

Trinc. Loofe Fore-fail! Haul aft both fheets! trim her right afore the Wind. Aft! aft! Lads, and hale the Mifen here.

Muft. A Mackrel gale, Mafter.

Steph. within. Port hard, port! the Wind veeres forward, bring the Tack aboard Port is. Star-board, ftar-board, a little fteady; now fteady, keep her thus, no nearer you cannot come, till the Sails are loofe.

Enter Ventofe.

Vent. Some hands down: the Guns are loofe. [*Ex.* Muft.

Trinc. Try the Pump, try the Pump. [*Exit* Vent.

Enter Muftacho at the other door.

Muft. O Mafter! fix foot water in Hold.

Steph. Clap the Helm hard awether! Flat, flat, flat, in the Fore-fheet there.

Trinc. Over-haul your fore-boling.

Steph. Brace in the Lar-board. [*Exit.*

Trinc. A curfe upon this houling, [*A great cry within.*
They are louder than the weather. [*Enter Antonio & Gonzalo.*
Yet again, what do you here? fhall we give o'r, and drown? ha' you a mind to fink.

Gonz. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blafphemous, uncharitable dog.

Trinc. Work you then and be poxt.

Anto. Hang, Cur, hang, you whorfon infolent noife-maker, we are lefs afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Trinc. Eafe the Fore-Brace a little. [*Exit.*

Gonz. I'l warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no ftronger than a Nut-fhell, and as leaky as an unfanch'd Wench.

Enter Botefwaine.

Botef. Downe with the top-Maft: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-courfe. A plague——*A cry within.* *Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.*

vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to finke?

Sebas. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blaifhemous incharitable Dog.

Botef. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whorefon infolent Noyfemaker, we are leffe afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-fhell, and as leaky as an unftanchd wench.

Botef. Lay her a hold, a hold, fet her two courfes off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All loft, to prayers, to prayers, all loft.

Botef. What muft our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's affift them, for our cafe is as theirs.

Sebas. I'am out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards, This wide-chopt-rafcall, would thou mightft lye drowning the wafhing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,
Though euery drop of water fweare againft it,
And gape at widft to glut him. *A confufed noyfe within.*
Mercy on vs.

We fplit, we fplit, Farewell my wife, and children,
Farewell brother: we fplit, we fplit, we fplit.

Anth. Let's all finke with' Kink

Seb. Let's take leaue of him. *Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I giue a thoufand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firrs, any thing; the wills about be done, but I would faine dye a dry death. *Exit.*

Enter Alonzo and Ferdinand.

Ferd. For my self I care not, but your loss brings a thousand Deaths to me.

Alonz. O name not me, I am grown old, my Son; I now am tedious to the world, and that, by use, is so to me: But *Ferdinand*, I grieve my Subject loss in thee: Alas, I suffer justly for my crimes, but why thou shouldst —O Heaven!

[*A cry within.*]

Heark, farewell, my Son, a long farewell!

Enter Trincalo, Mustacho, and Ventoso.

Trinc. What, must our mouths be cold then?

Vent. All's lost. To prayers, to prayers.

Gonz. The Duke and Prince are gone within to prayers. Let's assist them.

Must. Nay, we may e'en pray too; our case is now alike.

Anto. Mercy upon us; we split, we split.

Gonz. Let's all sink with the Duke, and the young Prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Stephano, Trincalo.

Trinc. The Ship is sinking.

[*A new cry within.*]

Steph. Run her ashore!

Trinc. Luff! luff; or we are all lost! there's a Rock upon the Starboard Bow.

Steph. She strikes, she strikes! All shift for themselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

In the midst of the Shower of Fire the Scene changes. The Cloudy Sky, Rocks, and Sea vanish; and when the Lights return, discover that Beautiful part of the Island, which was the habitation of Prospero; 'Tis compos'd of three Walks of Cypress-trees, each Side-walk leads to a Cave, in one of which Prospero keeps his Daughters, in the other Hippolyto: The Middle-Walk is of a great depth, and leads to an open part of the Island.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Prosper. *Miranda*, where's your Sister?

Mirian. I left her looking from the pointed Rock, at the walks end; on the huge beat of Waters.

Prosper. It is a dreadful object.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deereft father) you haue
 Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:
 The skye it feems would powre down ftinking pitch,
 But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke,
 Dafhes the fire out. Oh! I haue fuffered
 With thofe that I faw fuffer: A braue veffell
 (Who had no doubt fome noble creature in her)
 Dafh'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke
 Againft my very heart: poore foules, they perifh'd.
 Had I byn any God of power, I would
 Haue funcke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
 It fhould the good Ship fo haue fwallow'd, and
 The fraughting Soules within her.

Prof. Be collected,
 No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart
 there's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Prof. No harme:
 I haue done nothing, but in care of thee
 (Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
 Art ignorant of what thou art: naught knowing
 Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
 Then *Prospero*, Mafter of a full poore cell,
 And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
 Did neuer medle with my thoughts.

Prof. 'Tis time
 I fhoud informe thee farther: Lend thy hand
 And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
 Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
 The direfull fpectacle of the wracke which touch'd
 The very vertue of compaffion in thee:
 I haue with fuch prouifion in mine Art
 So fafely ordered, that there is no foule

Mir. If by your Art, my dearest Father, you have put them in this roar,
allay 'em quickly.

Prosp. I have so order'd, that not one creature in the ship is lost :
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
My Daughter, and thy pretty Sister :
You both are ignorant of what you are,
Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'am more
Than *Prospero*, Master of a narrow Cell,
And thy unhappy Father.

Mir. I ne'r endeavour'd to know more than you were pleas'd to tell me.

Prosp. I should inform thee farther.

Mir. You often, Sir, began to tell me what I am,
But then you stopt.

Prosp. The hour's now come ;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember a time before we came into

No not fo much perdition as an hayre
 Betid to any creature in the veffell
 Which thou heardft cry, which thou faw'ft finke: Sit downe,
 For thou muft now know farther.

Mira. You haue often
 Begun to tell me what I am, but ftopt
 And left me to a booteleffe Inquifition,
 Concluding, ftay: not yet.

Prof. The howr's now come
 The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
 Obey, and be attentiu. Canft thou remember
 A time before we came vnto this Cell?
 I doe not thinke thou canft, for then thou was't not
 Out three yeeres old.

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

Prof. By what? by any other houfe, or perfon?
 Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
 Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis farre off:
 And rather like a dreame, then an affurance
 That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
 Powre, or fiue women once, that tended me?
Prof. Thou hadft; and more *Miranda*: But how is it
 That this liues in thy minde? What feeft thou els
 In the dark-backward and Abifme of Time?
 Yf thou remembreft ought ere thou cam'ft here,
 How thou cam'ft here thou maift.

Mira. But that I doe not.

Prof. Twelue yere fince (*Miranda*) twelue yere fince,
 Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and
 A Prince of power:

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prof. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
 She faid thou waft my daughter; and thy father
 Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,
 And Princeffe; no worfe Ifued.

this Cell? I do not think thou canst, for then thou wert not full three years old.

Mir. Certainly I can, Sir.

Prosp. Tell me the image then of any thing which thou dost keep in thy remembrance still.

Mir. Sir, had I not four or five Women once that tended me?

Prosp. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: what seest thou else in the dark back-ward, and abyss of Time?

If thou remembrest ought e'r thou cam'st here, then how thou cam'st thou may'st remember too

Mir. Sir, that I do not.

Prosp. Fifteen years since, *Miranda*, thy Father was the Duke of *Millan*, and a Prince of Power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prosp. Thy Mother was all virtue, and she said, Thou wast my Daughter, and thy Sister too.

Mira. O the heauens,
 What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?
 Or bleffed was't we did?

Prof. Both, both my Girle.
 By fowle-play (as thou faift) were we heau'd thence,
 But bleffedly holpe hither.

Mira. O my heart bleedes
 To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,
 Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

Prof. My brother and thy vncl call'd *Anthonio*:
 I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
 Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
 Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
 The mannage of my fstate, as at that time
 Through all the fignories it was the first,
 And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
 In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
 Without a paralell; those being all my studie,
 The Gouernment I cast vpon my brother,
 And to my State grew ftranger, being transported
 And rapt in secret ftudies, thy false vncl
 (Do'ft thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedefully.

Prof. Being once perfected how to graunt fuites,
 how to deny them: who t'aduance, and who
 To traifh for ouer-topping; new created
 The creatures that were mine, I fay, or chang'd 'em,
 Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,
 Of Officer, and office, fet all hearts i'th fstate
 To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
 The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,
 And fuctt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'ft not?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Prof. I pray thee marke me:
 Ithus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To clofenes, and the bettering of my mind
 with that, which but by being so retir'd

Mir. O Heavens! what foul play had we, that we hither came, or was't a bleffing that we did?

Profp. Both, both, my Girl.

Mir. But, Sir, I pray proceed.

Profp. My Brother, and thy Uncle, call'd *Antonio*, to whom I trusted then the manage of my State, while I was wrap'd with fecret Studies: That falfe Uncle

Having attain'd the craft of granting fuits, and of denying them; whom to advance, or lop, for over-topping, foon was grown the Ivy which did hide my Princely Trunk, and fuck'd my verdure out: thou attend'ft not.

Mir. O good Sir, I do.

Profp. I thus neglecting worldly ends, and bent to clofenefs, and the bettering of my mind, wak'd in my falfe Brother an evil nature:

Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my false brother
 Awak'd an euill nature, and my trust
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
 As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
 A confidence fans bound. He being thus Lorded,
 Not onely with what my reuenew yeilded,
 But what my power might els exact. Like one
 Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a fynner of his memorie
 To credite his owne lie, he did beleue
 He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
 And executing th'outward face of Roialtie
 With all prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing:
 Do'ftthou heare?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafnesse.

Prof. To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,
 And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
 Absolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
 Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties
 He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
 (fo drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
 To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
 Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
 The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
 To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the heauens:

Prof. Marke his condition, and th' euent, then tell me
 If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should finne

To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,
 Good wombes haue borne bad fonnes.

Pro.. Now the Condition.

This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
 To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
 Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
 Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,

He did believe

He was indeed the Duke, because he then did execute the outward face of Sovereignty. Do'ft thou still mark me?

Mir. Your story would cure deafness.

Prosp. This false Duke needs would be Absolute *Millan*, and Confederates with *savoy's* Duke, to give him Tribute, and to do him Homage.

Mir. False man!

Prosp. This Duke of *savoy* being an Enemy,
To me inveterate, trait grants my brother's suit.
And on a night

Mated to his design, *Antonio* opened the gates of *Millan*, and i'th' dead of darkness, hurri'd me thence with thy young Sister, and thy crying self.

Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*
 With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
 A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night
 Fated to th' purpose, did *Anthonio* open
 The gates of *Millaine*, and ith' dead of darkneffe
 The minifters for th' purpose hurried thence
 Me, and thy crying felfe.

Mir. Alack, for pittie:

I not remembring how I cride out then
 Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
 That wrings mine eyes too't.

Pro. Heare a little further.

And then I'le bring thee to the present bufineffe
 Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story
 Were moft impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
 That howre deftroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:

My Tale prouokes that queftion: Deare, they durft not,
 So deare the loue my people bore me: nor fet
 A marke fo bloody on the bufineffe; but
 With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.

Infew, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke,
 Bore vs fome Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
 A rotten carkaffe of a Butt, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, fayle, nor maft, the very rats
 Intinctiuely haue quit it: There they hoyft vs
 To cry to th' Sea, that roared to vs; to figh
 To th' windes, whofe pittie fighting backe againe
 Did vs but louing wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble
 Was I then to you?

Pro. O, a Cherubin

Thou was't that did preferue me; Thou didft fmile,
 Infused with a fortitude from heauen,
 When I haue deck'd the fea with drops full falt,

Mir. But wherefore did they not that hour deitroy us?

Profp. They durft not, Girl, in *Millan*, for the love my people bore me; in fhort they hurri'd us away to *savoy*, and thence aboard a Bark at *Niffa's* Port: bore us fome Leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd a rotten carkafs of a Boat, not rigg'd, no Tackle, Sail, nor Maft; the very Rats infinctively had quit it.

Mir. Alack! what trouble was I then to you?

Profp. Thou and thy Sifter were two Cherubins, which did perferve me: you both did imile, infus'd with fortitude from Heaven.

Vnder my burthen groan'd, which raif'd in me
 An vndergoing ftomacke, to beare vp
 Againft what fhould enfue.

Mir. How came we a fhore?

Pro. By prouidence diuine,
 Some food, we had, and fome frefh water, that
 A noble *Neopolitan Gonzalo*
 Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
 Mafter of this refigne) did giue vs, with
 Rich garments, linnens, ftuffs, and neceffaries
 Which fince haue fteeded much, fo of his gentleneffe
 Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnifhd me
 From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
 I prize aboute my Dukedome.

Mir. Would I might
 But euer fee that man.

Pro. Now I arife,
 Sit ftill, and heare the laft of our fea-forrow:
 Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere
 Haue I, thy Schoolemafter, made thee more profit
 Then other Princeffe can, that haue more time
 For vainer howres; and Tutors, not fo carefull.

Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
 For ftill 'tis beating in my minde; your reafon
 For rayfing this Sea-ftorme?

Pro. Know thus far north,
 By accident moft ftrange, bountiful *Fortune*
 (Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
 Brought to this fhore: And by my prefciencie
 I finde my *Zenith* doth depend vpon
 A moft aufpicious ftarre, whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
 Will euer after droope: Heare ceafe more queftions,
 Thou art inclinde to fleepe: 'tis a good dulneffe,
 And giue it way: I know thou canft not chufe:
 Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,
 Approach my *Ariel*. Come.

Enter Ariel.

Mir. How came we ahoar?

Prosp. By Providence Divine,

Some food we had, and some fresh Water, which a Nobleman of *savoy*, called *Gonzalo*, appointed Master of that black design, gave us; with rich Garments, and all necessaries, which since have stead'd much: and of his gentleness (knowing I lov'd my Books) he furnish'd me from mine own Library, with Volumes which I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might see that man.

Prosp. Here in this Island we arriv'd, and here have I your Tutor been. But by my skill I find, that my Mid-heaven doth depend on a most happy Star, whose influence if I now court not, but omit, my Fortunes will ever after droop: here cease more questions, thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness, and give it way; I know thou canst not chuse. [*She falls asleep.*]

Come away my Spirit: I am ready now, approach.
My *Ariel*, Come.

[*Enter Ariel.*]

Ari. All haile, great Master, graue Sir, haile : I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to diue into the fire: to ride
On the curld clouds: to thy strong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Haft thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

Ar. To euery Article.
I boarded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,
Now in the Waste, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, fometime I'd diuide
And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-fpritt, would I flame distinctly,
Then meete, and ioyne. *Ioues* Lightning, the precurfers
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And fight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident-shake.

Pro. My braue Spirit,
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reason?

Ar. Not a foule.
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessel;
Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*
With haire vp-staring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are heere.

Pro. Why that's my spirit:
But was not this nye shore?

Ar. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (*Ariell*) safe?

Ar. Not a haire perisfd:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,

Ariel. All hail, great Master, grave Sir, hail, I come to answer thy best pleasure, be it to fly, to swim, to hoot into the fire, to ride on the curl'd Clouds; to thy strong bidding, task *Ariel* and all his Qualities.

Prosp. Haft thou, Spirit, perform'd to point the Tempest that I bad thee.

Ariel. To every Article.

I boarded the Dukes Ship, now on the Beak, now in the Waite, the Deck, in every Cabin; I flam'd amazement, and sometimes I seem'd to burn in many places on the Top-mast, the Yards, and Bore-sprit; I did flame distinctly. Nay once I rain'd a shower of Fire upon 'em.

Prosp. My brave Spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil did not infect his Reason?

Ariel. Not a Soul,

But felt a Feaver of the mind, and plaid some tricks of desperation; all, but Marriners, plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the Vessel: the Dukes Son, *Ferdinand*, with hair upstairing (more like Reeds than Hair) was the first man that leap'd; cry'd, Hell is empty, and all the Devils are here.

Prosp. Why that's my Spirit;

But was not this nigh Shore?

Ariel. Close by my Master.

Prosp. But, *Ariel*, are they safe?

Ariel. Not a hair perish'd.

In troops I have dispers'd them round this Isle.

The Duke's Son I have landed by himself, whom I have left warming the

In troops I haue disperfd them 'bout the Ile:
 The Kings fonne haue I landed by himfelfe,
 Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with fighes,
 In an odde Angle of the Ile, and fitting
 His armes in this fad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings fhip,
 The Marriners, fay how thou haft difpofd,
 And all the reft o'th'Fleete?

Ar. Safely in harbour
 Is the Kings fhippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
 Thou calldft me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
 From the ftill-vezt *Bermoothes*, there fhe hid;
 The Marriners all vnder hatches ftowed,
 Who, with a Charme ioynd to their fuffred labour
 I haue left afleep: and for the reft o'th' Fleet
 (Which I difpers'd) they all haue met againe,
 And are vpon the *Mediterranian* Flote
 Bound fadly home for *Naples*,
 Suppofing that they faw the Kings fhip wrackt,
 And his great perfon perifh.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
 Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:
 What is the time o'th'day?

Ar. Paft the mid feafon.

Pro. At leaft two Glaffes: the time 'twixt fix & now
 Muft by vs both be fpent moft precioufly.

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since y^u doft giue me pains,
 Let me remember thee what thou haft promis'd,
 Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moodie?
 What is't thou canft demand?

Ar. My Libertie.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more:

Ar. I prethee,
 Remember I haue done thee worthy feruice,
 Told thee no lyes, made thee no miftakings, ferv'd
 Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promife

Air with fighs, in an odd angle of the Ifle, and fitting, his arms he folded in this fad knot.

Profp. Say how thou haft difpos'd the Marriners of the Duke's Ship, and all the reft of the Fleet?

Ariel. Safely in harbour
Is the Dukes Ship, in the deep Nook, where once thou called'ft
Me up at midnight to fetch Dew from the
Still vex'd *Bermoothes*, there fhe's hid,
The Marriners all under hatch's ftow'd,
Whom, with a charm, joyn'd to their fuffer'd labour,
I have left afleep; and for the reft o'th' Fleet,
(Which I difperft) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Float,
Bound fadly home for *Italy*;
Supposing that they faw the Duke's Ship wrack'd,
And his great perfon perifh.

Profp. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd, but there's more work:
What is the time o' th' day?

Ariel. Paf't the mid-feafon.

Profp. At leaft two Glaffes: the time 'tween fix and now muft by us
both be fpent moft precioufly.

Ariel. Is there more toyl? fince thou doft give me pains, let me remember thee what thou haft promis'd, which is not yet perform'd me.

Profp. How now, *Moodie*?
What is't thou canft demand?

Ariel. My liberty.

Profp. Before the time be out? no more.

Ariel. I prethee!

Remember I have done thee faithful fervice,
Told thee no lies, made thee no miftakings,
Serv'd without or grudge, or grumblings:

To bate me a full yeere.

Pro. Do'ft thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ar. No.

Pro. Thou do'ft: & thinkft it much to tread y^e Ooze
Of the falt deepe;
To run vpon the fharpe winde of the North,
To doe me bufineffe in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with froft.

Ar. I doe not Sir.

Pro. Thou lieft, malignant Thing: haft thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Enuy
Was growne into a hoope? haft thou forgot her?

Ar. No Sir.

Pro. Thou haft: where was fhe born? fpeak: tell me:

Ar. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. Oh, was fhe fo: I muft

Once in a moneth recount what thou haft bin,
Which thou forgetft. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For mifchiefes manifold, and forceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'ft was banifh'd: for one thing fhe did
They wold not take her life: Is not this true?

Ar. I, Sir.

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th'Saylors; thou my flauie,
As thou reportft thy felfe, was then her feruant,
And for thou waft a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy, and abhord commands,
Refufing her grand hefts, fhe did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
And in her moft vnmittigable rage,
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift
Imprifon'd, thou didft painefully remaine
A dozen yeeres: within which fpace fhe di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didft vent thy groanes
As faft as Mill-wheeles ftrike: Then was this Ifland
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,
A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with

Thou didst promise to bate me a full year.

Prosper. Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ariel. No.

Prosper. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the Ooze

Of the salt deep:

To run against the sharp wind of the North,

To do my business in the veins of the Earth,

When it is bak'd with Frost.

Ariel. I do not, Sir.

Prosper. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! hast thou forgot the foul Witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy was grown into a Hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ariel. No, Sir.

Prosper. Thou hast; where was she born? speak, tell me.

Ariel. Sir, in Argier.

Prosper. Oh, was she so! I must

Once every month recount what thou hast been, which thou forgotteft. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax* for mischiefs manifold, and Sorceries, too terrible to enter humane hearing, from *Argier* thou know'st was banish'd: but for one thing she did, they would not take her life: is not this true?

Ariel. I, Sir.

Prosper. This blew-ey'd Hag was hither brought with child,
 And here was left by th'Sailers, thou, my slave,
 As thou report'st thy self, wast then her servant,
 And 'cause thou wast a spirit too delicate
 To act her earthly and abhor'd commands;
 Refusing her grand Hefts, she did confine thee,
 By help of her more potent Ministers,
 (In her unmitigable rage) into a cloven Pine,
 Within whose rift imprison'd, thou didst painfully
 Remain a dozen years; within which space she dy'd,
 And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy
 Groans, as fast as Mill-wheels strike.
 Then was this Isle (save for two Brats, which she did
 Litter here, the brutish *Caliban*, and his twin-sister,
 Two freckl'd hag-born Whelps) not honour'd with

A humane fhape.

Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her fonne.

Pro. Dull thing, I fay fo: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in feruice, thou beft know'ft
What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breafte
Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment
To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thanke thee Mafter.

Pro. If thou more murmur'ft, I will rend an Oake
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou haft howl'd away twelue winters.

Ar. Pardon, Mafter,
I will be correfpondent to command
And doe my fpyting, gently.

Pro. Doe fo: and after two daies
I will difcharge thee.

Ar. That's my noble Mafter:
What fhall I doe? fay what? what fhall I doe?

Pro. Goe make thy felfe like a Nymph o'th 'Sea,
Be fubieft to no fight but thine, and mine: inuifible
To euery eye-ball elfe: goe take this fhape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence.

Exit

Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou haft flept well,
Awake.

A humane shape.

Ariel. Yes! *Caliban* her fon, and *Sycorax* his fiftter.

Prosp. Dull thing, I fay fo; he, that *Caliban*, and she, that *Sycorax*, whom I now keep in fervice. Thou beft know'ft what torment I did find thee in, thy groans did make Wolves houl, and penetrate the breafts of ever angry Bears, it was a torment to lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax* could ne'r again undo: It was my Art, when I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made the Pine to gape, and let thee out.

Ariel. I thank thee, Mafter.

Prosp. If thou more murmureft, I will rend an Oak.
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till thou
Haft houl'd away twelve Winters more.

Ariel. Pardon, Mafter.

I will be correfpondent to command, and be
A gentle fpirit.

Prosp. Do fo, and after two days I'l difcharge thee.

Ariel. Thanks, my great Mafter. But I have yet one requeft.

Prosp. What's that, my fpirit?

Ariel. I know that this days bufinefs is important, requiring too much toyl for one alone. I have a gentle fpirit for my Love, who twice feven years has waited for my freedom: Let it appear, it will affift me much, and we with mutual joy fhall entertain each other. This I befeech you grant me.

Prosp. You fhall have your defire.

Ariel. That's my noble Mafter. *Milcha!*

[*Milcha flies down to his affiftance.*]

Milc. I am here, my Love.

Ariel. Thou art free! welcome, my dear! what fhall we do? fay, fay, what fhall we do?

Prosp. Be fubject to no fight but mine, invifible to every Eyeball elfe. Hence with diligence, anon thou fhalt know more.

[*They both fly up and crofs in the air.*]

Thou haft flept well my child.

[*To Mir.*]

Mir. The ftrangenef of your ftory, put
Heauineffe in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on.
Wee'll vifit *Caliban*, my flaue, who neuer
Yeelds vs kinde anfwere.

Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not lotie to looke on.

Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot miffe him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ferues in Offices
That profit vs: What hoa: flaue: *Caliban*:
Thou Earth, thou: fpeake.

Cal. within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I fay, there's other bufines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when?
Fine apparition: my queint *Ariel*,
Hearke in thine care.

*Enter Ariel like a water
Nymph.*

Ar. My Lord, it fhall be done.

Exit.

Pro. Thou poyfonous flaue, got by ye diuell himfelfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brufh'd
With Rauensfeather from vnwholefome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southweft blow on yee,
And blifter you all ore.

Pro. For this be fure, to night thou fhalt haue cramps,
Side-ftitches, that fhall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins
Shall for that vaft of night, that they may worke
All exercife on thee: thou fhalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more ftinging
Then Bees that made 'em.

Cal. I muft eat my dinner:
This Ifland's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'ft from me: when thou cam'ft firft
Thou ftroakft me, & made much of me: wouldft giue me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the leffe
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And fhew'd thee all the qualities o'th Ifle,

Mir. The fadness of your story put heaviness in me.

Prosp. Shake it off; come on, I'll now call *Caliban*, my slave, who never yields us a kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a creature, Sir, I do not love to look on.

Prosp. But as 'tis, we cannot miss him; he does make our Fire, fetch in our Wood, and serve in Offices that profit us: what ho! Slave! *Caliban!* thou Earth thou, speak.

Calib. within. There's Wood enough within.

Prosp. Thou poisonous slave, got by the Devil himself upon thy wicked Dam, come forth. [Enter Caliban.

Calib. As wicked Dew, as e'er my Mother brush'd with Raven's feather from unwholesome Fens, drop on you both: A Southwest blow on you, and blister you all o'er.

Prosp. For this be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps, side-fitches, that shall pen thy breath up; Urchins shall prick thee till thou bleed't: thou shalt be pinch'd as thick as Honeycombs, each pinch more stinging than the Bees which made 'em.

Calib. I must eat my dinner: this Island's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother, which thou took't from me. When thou cam'st first, thou stroak't me, and mad'st much of me, wouldst give me Water with Berries in't, and teach me how to name the Bigger Light, and how the Lefs, that burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee, and shew'd thee all the qualities of the Isle, the Fresh-springs, Brine-pits, barren places and fertile. Curs'd be I that I did so: All the Charms of *Sycorax*, Toads, Beetles, Bats, light on thee, for I am all the Subjects that thou hast. I first was mine own Lord; and here thou

The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
 Curs'd be I that did fo: All the Charmes
 Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
 For I am all the Subjects that you haue,
 Which first was min owne King: and here you fty-me
 In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
 The rest o'th' Island.

Pro. Thou most lying flauē,
 Whom stripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee
 (Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
 In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
 The honor of my childe.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
 Thou didst preuent me, I had peopel'd else
 This Isle with *Calibans*.

Mira. Abhorred Slaue,
 Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,
 Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
 Took pains to make thee speake, taught thee each houre
 One thing or other: when thou didst not (Sauage)
 Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
 A thing most brutifh, I endow'd thy purposes
 With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race
 (Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
 Could not abide to be with; therefore waft thou
 Deferuedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
 Deferu'd more then a prifon.

Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
 Is, I know how to curfe: the red-plague rid you
 For learning me your language.

Prof. Hag-feed, hence:
 Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best
 To answer other bufinesse: fhrug'ft thou (Malice)
 If thou neglectst, or doft vnwillingly
 What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
 Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
 That beasts fhall tremble at thy dyn.

ftay't me in this hard Rock, whiles thou doft keep from me the reft o' th' Ifland.

Profp. Thou moft lying Slave, whom ftripes may move, not kindnefs: I have us'd thee (filth that thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee in mine own Cell, till thou didft feek to violate the honour of my Children.

Calib. Oh ho, Oh ho, would't had been done: thou didft prevent me, I had peopl'd elfe this Ifle with *Calibans*.

Profp. Abhor'd Slave!

Who ne'r would any print of goodnefs take, being capable of all ill: I pity thee, took pains to make thee fpeak, taught thee each hour one thing or other; when thou didft not (Savage) know thy own meaning, but wouldft gabble, like a thing moft brutifh, I endow'd thy purpofes with words, which made them known: But thy wild race (though thou didft learn) had that in't, which good Natures could not abide to be with: therefore waft thou de-fervedly pent up into this Rock.

Calib. You taught me language, and my profit by it is, that I know to curfe: the red botch rid you for learning me your language.

Profp. Hag-feed hence!

Fetch us in fewel, and be quick

To anfwer other bufinefs: fhruft thou (malice)

If thou neglecteft, or doft unwillingly what I command,

I'l wrack thee with old Cramps, fill all thy bones with

Aches, make thee roar, that Beafts fhall tremble

At thy Din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god *Setebos*,
And make a vassaile of him.

Pro. So flauē, hence.

Exit Cal.

Calib. No prethee!

I must obey. His Art is of such power,
It would control my Dam's God, *Setebos*,
And make me a Vassal of him.

Profp. So Slave, hence.

[*Exeunt* Prospero and Caliban severally.]

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Oh, Sister! what have I beheld?

Mir. What is it moves you so?

Dor. From yonder Rock,

As I my eyes cast down upon the Seas,
The whistling winds blew rudely on my face,
And the waves roar'd! at first I thought the War
Had been between themselves, but straight I spy'd
A huge great Creature.

Mir. O you mean the Ship.

Dor. Is't not a creature then? it seem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

Dor. This floating Ram did bear his Horns above,
All ty'd with Ribbands ruffling in the wind;
Sometimes he nodded down his head a while,
And then the waves did heave him to the Moon;
He clamb'ring to the top of all the Billows,
And then again he curtifi'd down so low,
I could not see him: till, at last, all side-long
With a great crack his belly burst in pieces.

Mir. There all had perish'd,

Had not my Father's Magick Art reliev'd them.
But, Sister, I have stranger news to tell you;
In this great Creature there were other Creatures,
And shortly we may chance to see that thing,
Which you have heard my Father call, a Man.

Dor. But what is that? for yet he never told me.

Mir. I know no more than you: but I have heard
My Father say, we Women were made for him.

Dor. What, that he should eat us, Sister?

Mir. No fure, you see my Father is a Man, and yet
He does us good. I would he were not old.

Dor. Me thinks indeed it would be finer, if we two
Had two young Fathers.

Mir. No, Sifter, no, if they were young, my Father
Said, that we must call them Brothers.

Dor. But pray how does it come, that we two are not Brothers then, and
have not Beards like him?

Mir. Now I confes you pose me.

Dor. How did he come to be our Father too?

Mir. I think he found us when we both were little, and grew within the
ground.

Dor. Why could he not find more of us? pray, Sifter, let you and I look
up and down one day, to find some little ones for us to play with.

Mir. Agreed; but now we must go in. This is the hour
Wherein my Father's Charm will work,
Which feizes all who are in open air:

Th' effect of his great Art I long to see,
Which will perform as much as Magick can.

Dor. And I, methinks, more long to see a Man.

From this point onward Dryden makes no pretense of following Shakespeare's Text or Text arrangement, sequence of scenes or of incidents or of entrances of the characters. Except as to acts and scenes, therefore, no further parallelization of the two versions will be attempted here.

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuisible playing & finging.

*Ariel Song. Come vnto these yellow sands,
and then take hands:*

*Curtfied when you haue, and kift
the wilde waues whist:*

*Foote it featly heere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare
the burthen.*

Burthen disperfedly.

*Harke, harke, bowgh waugh: the watch-Dogges barke,
bowgh-waugh.*

*Ar. Hark, hark, I heare, the straine of strutting Chanticleere cry cockadiddle-
dowe.*

Fer. Where fhould this Mufick be? I'th aire, or th' earth?

It founds no more: and fure it waytes vpon
Some God 'oth'Iland, fitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Muficke crept by me vpon the waters,
Ailaying both their fury, and my paffion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.

*Ariel Song. Full fadom five thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Corroll made:
Thofe are pearles that were his eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth fuffer a Sea-change
Into fomething rich, & ftrange:
Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.*

Burthen: ding dong.

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

*Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall bufines, nor no found
That the earth owes: I heare it now about me.*

*Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
And fay what thou fee'ft yond.*

Mira. What is't a Spirit?

Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me fir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a fpirit.

Pro. No wench, it eats, and fleeps, & hath such fenses
As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou feest
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something ftain'd
With greefe (that's beauties canker) y^u might'ft call him
A goodly perfon: he hath loft his fellowes,
And ftrayes about to finde 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I euer faw fo Noble.

Pro. It goes on I fee
As my foule prompts it: Spirit, fine fpirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.

Fer. Moft fure the Goddeffe
On whom thefe ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine vpon this Ifland,
And that you will fome good inftitution giue
How I may beare me heere: my prime request
(Which I do laft pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?

Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.

Fer. My Language? Heauens:
I am the beft of them that fpeake this fpeech,
Were I but where 'tis fpoken.

Pro. How? the beft?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?

Fer. A fingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee fpeake of *Naples*: he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe: my felfe am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (neuer fince at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.

Mir. Alacke, for mercy.

Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
And his braue fonne, being twaine.

Pro. The Duke of *Millaine*
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the firft fight

They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
 Ile fet thee free for this. A word good Sir,
 I feare you haue done your felfe fome wrong: A word.

Mir. Why fpeakes my father fo vngently? This
 Is the third man that ere I faw: the firft
 That ere I figh'd for: pittie moue my father
 To be enclin'd my way.

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
 And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
 The Queene of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft Sir, one word more.
 They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this fwift bufines
 I muft vneafie make, leaft too light winning
 Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
 That thou attend me: Thou do'ft heere vfurpe
 The name thou ow'ft not, and haft put thy felfe
 Vpon this Ifland, as a fpy, to win it
 From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill, can dwell in fuch a Temple,
 If the ill-fpirit haue fo fayre a houfe,
 Good things will friue to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.

Prof. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,
 Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:
 Sea water fhalt thou drinke: thy food fhall be
 The frefh-brooke Muffels, wither'd roots, and huskes
 Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.

Fer. No.

I will refift fuch entertainment, till
 Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He drawes, and is charmed from moving.

Mira. O deere Father,
 Make not too rafh a triall of him, for
 Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.

Prof. What I fay.

My foote my Tutor? Put thy fword vp Traitor,

Who mak'ft a fhew, but dar'ft not ftrike: thy confcience
 Is fo poffeft with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
 For I can heere difarme thee with this fticke,
 And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Befeech you Father.

Prof. Hence: hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir haue pity,

He be his furety.

Prof. Silence: One word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
 An aduocate for an Impoftor? Huff:
 Thou think'ft there is no more fuch fhapes as he,
 (Hauing feene but him and *Caliban*;) Foolifh wench,
 To th'moft of men, this is a *Caliban*,
 And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My affections

Are then moft humble: I haue no ambition
 To fee a goodlier man.

Prof. Come on, obey:

Thy nerues are in their infancy againe.
 And haue no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:

My fpirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
 My Fathers loffe, the weakneffe which I feele,
 The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
 To whom I am fubdude, are but light to me,
 Might I but through my prifon once a day
 Behold this Mayd: all corners elfe o'th'Earth
 Let liberty make vfe of: fpace enough
 Haue I in fuch a prifon.

Prof. It workes: Come on.

Thou haft done well, fine *Ariell*: follow me,
 Harke what thou elfe fhalt do mee.

Mira. Be of comfort,

My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
 Then he appeares by fpeech: this is vnwonted
 Which now came from him.

Prof. Thou shalt be as free
As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ariell. To th' fyllable.

Prof. Come follow: fpeake not for him.

Exeunt.

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCOENA PRIMA.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gonz. Befeech you Sir, be merry; you haue cause,
(So haue we all) of ioy; for our escape
Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe
Is common, euery day, some Saylor's wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Haue iust our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preferuation) few in millions
Can fpeake like vs: then wisely (good Sir) weigh
Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Alonf. Prethee peace.

Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porredge.

Ant. The Vifitor will not giue him ore fo.

Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,
By and by it will ftrike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. One: Tell.

Gon. When euery greefe is entertained,
That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue spoken truer then your pur-
pos'd.

Seb. You haue taken it wifelier then I mean you should.

Gon. Therefore my Lord.

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.

Alon. I pre-thee spare.

Gon. Well, I haue done: But yet

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene changes to the wilder part of the Island, 'tis compos'd of divers forts of Trees, and barren places, with a prospect of the Sea at a great distance.

Enter Stephano, Mustacho, Ventofo.

Vent. **T**He Runlet of Brandy was a loving Runlet, and floated after us out of pure pity.

Must. This kind Bottle, like an old acquaintance, swam after it.

And this Scollop-shell is all our Plate now.

Vent. 'Tis well we have found something since we landed.

I prethee fill a foop, and let it go round.

Where hast thou laid the Runlet?

Must. I' th' hollow of an old Tree.

Vent. Fill apace,

We cannot live long in this barren Island, and we may

Take a foop before death, as well as others drink

At our Funerals.

Must. This is Prize-Brandy, we steal Custom, and it costs nothing, Let's have two rounds more.

Vent. Master, what have you fav'd?

Steph. Just nothing but my self.

Vent. This works comfortably on a cold stomach.

Steph. Fill's another round.

Vent. Look! *Mustacho* weeps. Hang loffes, as long as we have Brandy left. Prithee leave weeping.

Firft begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Iiland feeme to be defert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: yan'r paid.

Steph. He fheds his Brandy out of his eyes he fhall drink no more.

Must. This will be a doleful day with old *Befs*. She gave me a gilt Nutmeg at parting. That's loft too. But, as you fay, hang loffes. Prethee fill again.

Vent. Befhrew thy heart for putting me in mind of thy Wife, I had no thought of mine elfe, Nature will fhew itfelf, I muft melt. I prithee fill again, my Wife's a good old Jade, And has but one eye left: but fhe'll weep out that too, When fhe hears that I am dead.

Steph. Would you were both hang'd for putting me in thought of mine.

Vent. But come, Mafter, forrow is dry! there's for you agen.

Steph. A Marriner had e'en as good be a Fifh as a Man, but for the comfort we get afhore: O for an old dry Wench now I am wet.

Must. Poor heart! that would foon make you dry agen: but all is barren in this Ifle: Here we may lie at Hull till the wind blow Nore and by South, ere we can cry, A Sail, a Sail, at fight of a white apron. And therefore here's another foop to comfort us.

Vent. This Ifle's our own, that's our comfort, for the Duke, the Prince, and all their train, are perifhed.

Must. Our Ship is funk, and we can never get home agen: we muft e'en turn Salvages, and the next that catches his fellow may eat him.

Vent. No, no, let us have a Government; for if we live well and orderly, Heav'n will drive Shipwracks afhoar to make us all rich; therefore let us carry good Confciances, and not eat one another.

Steph. Whoever eats any of my Subjects, I'll break out his teeth with my Scepter: for I was Mafter at Sea, and will be Duke on Land: you *Mustacho* have been my Mate, and fhall be my Vice-Roy.

Vent. When you are Duke, you may choofe your Vice-Roy; but I am a free Subject in a new Plantation, and will have no Duke without my voice. And fo fill me the other foop.

Steph. whispering, Ventofo, doft thou hear, I will advance thee, prithee give me thy voice.

Vent. I'll have no whisperings to corrupt the Election; and to fhew that I have no private ends, I declare aloud that I will be Vice Roy, or I'll keep my voice for my felf.

Must. Stephano, hear me, I will fpeak for the people, becaufe there are few, or rather none in the Ifle to fpeak for 'themselves. Know then, that to

prevent the farther fhedding of Chriftian blood, we are all content *Ventofo* fhall be Vice-Roy, upon condition I may be Vice-Roy over him. Speak good people, are you well agreed? what, no man anfwer? well, you may take their filence for content.

Vent. You fpeak for the people, *Mustacho*? I'll fpeak for 'em, and declare generally with one voice, one and all; That there fhall be no Vice-Roy but the Duke, unlefs I be he.

Muft. You declare for the people who never faw your face! Cold Iron fhall decide it. [*Both draw.*]

Steph. Hold, loving Subjects: we will have no Civil War during our Reign: I do hereby appoint you both to be my Vice-Roys over the whole Ifland.

Both. Agreed! agreed!

Enter Trincalo, with a great Bottle, half drunk.

Vent. How! *Trincalo* our brave Bofen!

Muft. He reels: can he be drunk with Sea-water?

Trinc. fings. I fhall no more to Sea, to Sea,
Here I fhall die afhore.

This is a very fcurvy tune to fing at a man's funeral,
But here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*]

Sings. The Mafter, the Swabber, the Gunner, and I,
The Surgeon and his Mate,
Lov'd *Mall*, *Meg*, and *Marrion*, and *Margery*,
But none of us car'd for *Kate*.
For fhe had a tongue with a tang,
Wou'd cry to a Sailor Go hang:
She lov'd not the favour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might fcratch her where ere fhe did itch:

This is a fcurvy Tune too, but here's my comfort agen.

[*Drinks.*]

Steph. We have got another Subject now; Welcome,
Welcome into our Dominions!

Trinc. What Subject, or what Dominions? here's old Sack,
Boys: the King of good-fellows can be no fubject.

I will be old *Simon* the King.

Muft. Hah, old Boy! how didft thou fcape?

Trinc. Upon a Butt of Sack, Boys, which the Sailors Threw over-board: but are you alive, ho! for I will Tipple with no Ghosts till I'm dead: thy hand, *Mustacho*, And thine, *Ventofo*; the Storm has done its worst: *Stephano* alive too! give thy Bofen thy hand, Master.

Vent. You muft kifs it then, for, I muft tell you, we have chofen him Duke in a full Affembly.

Trinc. A Duke! where? what's he Duke of?

Muft. Of this Ifland, man. Oh *Trincalo*, we are all made, the Ifland's empty; all's our own, Boy; and we will fpeak to his Grace for thee, that thou may'ft be as great as we are.

Trinc. You great? what the Devil are you?

Vent. We two are Vice-Roys over all the Ifland; and when we are weary of Governing, thou fhalt fucceed us.

Trinc. Do you hear, *Ventofo*, I will fucceed you in both your places before you enter into 'em.

Steph. *Trincalo*, fleep and be fober; and make no more uproars in my Countrey.

Trinc. Why, what are you, Sir, what are you?

Steph. What I am I am by free Election, and you, *Trincalo*, are not your felf; but we pardon your firft fault, Because it is the firft day of Our Reign.

Trinc. Umph, were matters carried fo fwimmingly againft me, whilft I was fwimming, and faving my felf for the good of the people of this Ifland.

Muft. Art thou mad, *Trincalo*? wilt thou difturb a fetled Government, where thou art a meer ftranger To the Laws of the Countrey?

Trinc. I'll have no Laws.

Vent. Then Civil war begins.

[*Vent. Muft. draw.*]

Steph. Hold, hold, I'll have no bloodfhed, My Subjects are but few; let him make a Rebellion By himfelf; and a Rebel, I Duke *Stephano* declare him: Vice-Roys, come away.

Trinc. And Duke *Trincalo* declares, that he will make open War where ever he meets thee or thy Vice-Roys.

[*Exeunt Steph. Muft. Vent.*]

Enter Caliban with wood on his back.

Trinc. Ha! whom have we here?

Calib. All the infections that the Sun sucks up from Fogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prospero* fall, and make him by inch meal a Disease: his Spirits hear me, and yet I needs must curse, but they'll not pinch, fright me with Urchin shows, pitch me i' th' mire, nor lead me in the dark out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but for every trifle he sets them on me; sometimes like Baboons they mow and chatter at me, and often bite me; like Hedgehogs then they mount their prickles at me, tumbling before me in my barefoot way. Sometimes I am all wound about with Adders, who with their cloven tongues hiss me to madness. Hah! yonder stands one of his Spirits to torment me.

Trinc. What have we here, a Man, or a Fish?

This is some Monster of the Isle, were I in *England*,
As once I was, and had him painted;
Not a holy-day fool there but would give me
Six-pence for the fight of him; well, if I could make
Him tame, he were a Present for an Emperour.
Come hither, pretty Monster, I'll do thee no harm.
Come hither!

Calib. Torment me not;

I'll bring thee Wood home faster.

Trinc. He talks none of the wisest, but I'll give him
A dram o'th' Bottle, that will clear his understanding.
Come on your ways, Master Monster, open your mouth.
How now, you perverse Moon-calf! what,
I think you cannot tell who is your friend!

Open your chops, I say.

[Pours Wine down his throat.]

Calib. This is a brave God, and bears Cœlestial Liquor; I'll kneel to him.

Trinc. He is a very hopeful Monster; Monster, what sayst thou, art thou content to turn civil and sober, as I am? for then thou shalt be my Subject.

Calib. I'll swear upon that Bottle to be true; for the liquor is not Earthly: didst thou not drop from Heaven?

Trinc. Only out of the Moon, I was the man in her when time was. By this light, a very shallow Monster.

Calib. I'll shew thee every fertile inch i' th' Isle, and kiss thy foot: I prithee be my God, and let me drink.

[drinks agen.]

Trinc. Well drawn, Monster, in good faith.

Calib. I'll shew thee the best Springs, I'll pluck thee Berries,

I'll fish for thee, and get thee Wood enough:
A curse upon the Tyrant whom I serve, I'll bear him no more ticks but
follow thee.

Trinc. The poor Monster is loving in his drink.

Calib. I prithee let me bring thee where Crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig the Pig-nuts,
Shew thee a Jays-nest, and instruct thee how to snare
The Marmazete; I'll bring thee to cluster'd Filberds;
Wilt thou go with me?

Trinc. This Monster comes of a good natur'd race;
Is there no more of thy kin in this Island?

Calib. Divine, here is but one besides my self;
My lovely Sifter, beautiful and bright as the Full Moon.

Trinc. Where is she?

Calib. I left her clambring up a hollow Oak,
And plucking thence the dropping Honey-combs.
Say, my King, shall I call her to thee?

Trinc. She shall swear upon the Bottle too.

If she proves handsome she is mine: Here, Monster,
Drink again for thy good news; thou shalt speak
A good word for me.

[*Gives him the Bottle.*]

Calib. Farewel, old Master, farewel, farewel.

Sings. No more Dams I'll make for Fish,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape Trencher, nor wash Dish,
Ban, Ban, *Cockaliban*
Has a new Master, get a new Man.
Heigh-day! Freedom, freedom!

Trinc. Here's two Subjects got already, the Monster,
And his Sifter: well, Duke *Stephano*, I say, and say agen,
Wars will ensue, and so I drink.

[*Drinks.*]

From this Worshipful Monster and Mistress
Monster his Sifter,

I'll lay claim to this Island by alliance:
Monster, I say thy Sifter shall be my Spouse;
Come away, Brother Monster, I'll lead thee to my Butt,
And drink her health.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene Cypress Trees and Cave.

Adr. Vninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet.

Adr. Yet.

Ant. He could not misse't.

Adr. It muft needs be of fubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. I, and a fubtle, as he moft learnedly deliuer'd.

Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here moft sweetly.

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.

Gon. Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life.

Ant. True, faue meanes to liue.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lufh and lufy the graffe lookes?

How greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of greene in't.

Ant. He miffes not much.

Seb. No: he doth but miftake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit.

Seb. As many voucht rarieties are.

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshneffe and gloffes, being rather new dy'de then ftain'd with falte water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could fpeake, would it not fay he lyes?

Seb. I, or very falſely pocket vp his report.

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on firft in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.

Adri. *Tunis* was neuer grac'd before with fuch a Paragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not ſince widdow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widdow? A pox o'that: how came that Widdow in? Widdow *Dido!*

Seb. What if he had faid Widdower *Aeneas* too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow *Dido* faid you? You make me ſtudy of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

Adri. *Carthage?*

Gon. I assure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his pocket, and giue it his sonne for an Apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. I.

Ant. Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widdow *Dido*.

Ant. O Widdow *Dido?* I, Widdow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fifth'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Allon. You cram these words into mine eares, against the stomacke of my sense: would I had neuer Married my daughter there: For comming thence My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too, Who is so farre from *Italy* removed, I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what strange fish Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may liue,

I saw him beate the furies vnder him,
And ride vpon their backs; he trod the water
Whose enmity he flung aside: and breasted
The furge most swolne that met him: his bold head
'Boue the contentious waues he kept, and oared
Himselfe with his good armes in lufy stroke
To th' shore; that ore his waue-worne basis bowed
As stooping to releue him: I not doubt
He came aliue to Land.

Allon. No no, hee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse,
That would not bleffe our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loofe her to an Affrican,
Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.

Allon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise
By all of vs: and the faire foule her selfe
Waigh'd betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at
Which end o'th'beame should bow: we haue lost your son,
I feare for euer: *Millaine* and *Naples* haue
Mo widdowes in them of this buinesse making,
Then we bring men to comfort them:
The faults your owne.

Allon. So is the deereft oth' losse.

Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*,
The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse,
And time to speake it in: you rub the fore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And most Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowle weather? *Ant.* Very fowle.

Gon. Had I plantation of this Ile my Lord.

Ant. Hee'd fow't vvith Nettle-feed.

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

Gon. And were the King on 't, what vvould I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th'Commonwealth I vvould (by contraries)
Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke
Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:
Letters should not be knowne: Riches, pouerty,
And vie of seruice, none: Contract, Succession,
Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none:
No vie of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:
No occupation, all men idle, all:
And Women too, but innocent and pure:

No Soueraignty.

Seb. Yet he vvould be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce
Without sweate or endeuour: Treafon, felony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine
Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth
Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his fubiects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues,

Gon. I vvould vvith fuch perfection gouerne Sir:

T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Sauc his Maiefty.

Ant. Long liue Gonzalo.

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir?

Allon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to me.

Gon. I do vvell beleue your Highnesse, and did it to minifter occasion
to these Gentlemen, who are of fuch sensible and nimble Lungs, that they al-
ways vie to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you vve laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: fo you
may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow vvas there giuen?

Seb. And it had not falne flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue mettall: you would lift the Moone out
of her spheare, if she would continue in it five weeks vvithout changing.

Enter Ariell playing solemne Musicke.

Seb. We vvould fo, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I vvill not aduenture my discretion fo weakly:
Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heauy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs.

Allon. What, all fo foone asleepe? I wifh mine eyes
Would (with themfelues) fhut vp my thoughts,
I finde they are inclin'd to do fo.

Seb. Pleafe you sir,

Do not omit the heauy offer of it:

It fildome vifits forrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your perfon,
While you take your reft, and watch your fafety.

Allon. Thanke you: Wondrous heauy.

Seb. What a ftrange drowfines poffeffes them?

Ant. It is the quality o'th'Clymate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids finke? I finde
Not my felfe difpof'd to fleep.

Ant. Nor I, my fpirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by confent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-ftroke: what might
Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinkes I fee it in thy face,
What thou fhould'ft be: th'occafion fpeaks thee, and
My ftrong imagination fee's a Crowne
Dropping vpon thy head.

Seb. What? art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not heare me fpeake?

Seb. I do, and furely

It is a fleepy Language; and thou fpeak'ft
Out of thy fleepe: What is it thou didft fay?
This is a ftrange repofe, to be afleepe
With eyes wide open: ftanding, fpeaking, mouing:
And yet fo faft afleepe.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,
Thou let'ft thy fortune fleepe: die rather: wink'ft
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou do'ft fnore diftinctly,
There's meaning in thy fnores.

Ant. I am more ferious then my cuftome: you
Muf't be fo too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.

Seb. Well: I am ftanding water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do fo: to ebbe

Hereditary Sloth inftruits me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it
You more inuest it: ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or sloth.

Seb. 'Pre-thee lay on,

The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

Ant. Thus Sir:

Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue.
'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd,
As he that sleepees heere, swims.

Seb. I haue no hope

That hee's vndrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,

What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is
Another way so high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt discouery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd.

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribell.*

Ant. She that is *Queene of Tunis*: she that dwels
Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from *Naples*
Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were post:
The Man i'th Moone's too flow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were sea-swallowed, though some cast againe.
(And by that destiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come

Enter Prospero alone.

Prosop. 'Tis not yet fit to let my Daughters know I kept
The Infant Duke of *Mantua* so near them in this Isle,
Whose Father dying, bequeath'd him to my care;
Till my false Brother (when he design'd t'usurp
My Dukedom from me) expos'd him to that fate
He meant for me. By calculation of his birth
I saw death threatening him, if, till some time were
Past, he should behold the face of any Woman:
And now the danger's nigh: *Hippolyto!*

Enter Hippolyto.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Prosop. How I have loved thee from thy infancy,
Heav'n knows, and thou thy self canst bear me witness,
Therefore accuse not me for thy restraint.

Hip. Since I knew life, you've kept me in a Rock,
And you this day have hurri'd me from thence,
Only to change my Prison, not to free me.
I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.

Prosop. O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad,
A black Star threatens thee, and death unseen
Stands ready to devour thee.

Hip. You taught me not to fear him in any of his shapes:
Let me meet death rather than be a prisoner.

Prosop. 'Tis pity he should seize thy tender youth.

Hip. Sir, I have often heard you say, no creature liv'd
Within this Isle, but those which Man was Lord of;
Why then should I fear?

Prosop. But here are creatures which I nam'd not to thee,
Who share Man's Sovereignty by Nature's Laws,
And oft depose him from it.

Hip. What are those Creatures, Sir?

Prosop. Those dangerous enemies of men call'd Women.

Hip. Women! I never heard of them before.
What are Women like?

Prosop. Imagine something between young men and Angels:

In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stuffe is this? How say you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,
So is the heyre of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose eu'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*
Measure vs backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that sleepest: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnneecessarily
As this *Gonzallo*: I my selfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this
For your aduancement? Do you vnderstand me?

Seb. Me thinkes I do.

Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune?

Seb. I remember

You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True:

And looke how well my Garments fit vpon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers seruants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience.

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my flipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my bosome: 'Twentie consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,
And melt ere they mollest: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient steele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put

Fatally beauteous, and have killing Eyes,
 Their voices charm beyond the Nightingales,
 They are all enchantment, those who once behold 'em,
 Are made their slaves for ever.

Hip. Then I will wink and fight with 'em.

Profp. 'Tis but in vain,
 They'll haunt you in your very sleep.

Hip. Then I'll revenge it on 'em when I wake.

Profp. You are without all possibility of revenge,
 They are so beautiful, that you can ne'r attempt,
 Nor wish to hurt them.

Hip. Are they so beautiful?

Profp. Calm sleep is not so soft; nor Winter Suns,
 Nor Summer shades so pleasant.

Hip. Can they be fairer than the Plumes of Swans?
 Or more delightful than the Peacocks Feathers?
 Or than the gloss upon the necks of Doves?
 Or have more various beauty than the Rainbow?
 These I have seen, and without danger wondered at.

Profp. All these are far below 'em; Nature made
 Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair;
 Therefore if you should chance to see 'em,
 Avoid them straight I charge you.

Hip. Well, since you say they are so dangerous,
 I'll be so far from 'em as I may with safety of the
 Unblemish'd honour which you taught me.
 But let 'em not provoke me, for I'm sure I shall
 Not then forbear them.

Profp. Go in and read the Book I gave you last.
 To-morrow I may bring you better news.

Hip. I shall obey you, Sir.

[*Exit Hippolyto.*

Profp. So, so; I hope this Lesson has secur'd him,
 For I have been constrain'd to change his lodging
 From yonder Rock where first I bred him up,
 And here have brought him home to my own Cell,
 Because the Shipwreck happen'd near his Mansion.
 I hope he will not stir beyond his limits,

This ancient morfell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraid our courfe: for all the reft
They'l take fuggeftion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any bufineffe that
We fay befits the houre.

Seb. Thy cafe, deere Friend
Shall be my prefident: As thou got't *Millaine*,
I'le come by *Naples*: Draw thy fword, one ftroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paieft,
And I the King fhall loue thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Muficke and Song.

Ariel. My Mafter through his Art forefees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and fends me forth
(For elfe his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

Sings in Gonzaloes eare.

*While you here do fnoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracie
His time doth take.
If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off flumber and beware.
Awake, awake.*

Ant. Then let vs be fodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preferue the King.

Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghaftly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we ftood here fecuring your repofe,
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burft of bellowing
Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?
It ftrooke mine eare moft terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monfters eare;
To make an earthquake: fure it was the roare

For hitherto he hath been all obedience.

The Planets seem to smile on my designs,

And yet there is one fullen Cloud behind,

I would it were disperft.

[*Enter Miranda and Dorinda.*]

How, my Daughters! I thought I had instructed

Them enough: Children! retire;

Why do you walk this way?

Mir. It is within our bounds, Sir.

Profp. But both take heed, that path is very dangerous.

Remember what I told you.

Dor. Is the man that way, Sir?

Profp. All that you can imagine ill is there,

The curled Lion, and the rugged Bear,

Are not so dreadful as that man.

Mir. Oh me, why stay we here then?

Dor. I'll keep far enough from his Den, *I* warrant him.

Mir. But you have told me, Sir, you are a man;

And yet you are not dreadful.

Profp. *I* Child! but *I* am a tame man; old men are tame

By Nature, but all the danger lies in a wild

Young man.

Dor. Do they run wild about the Woods?

Profp. No, they are wild within doors, in Chambers,

And in Closets.

Dor. But, Father, I would stroak 'em, and make 'em gentle,

Then sure they would not hurt me.

Profp. You must not trust them, Child; no Woman can come

Near 'em, but she feels a pain, full Nine months.

Well, I must in; for new affairs require my

Preffence: be you, *Miranda*, your Sisters Guardian.

[*Exit Profpero.*]

Dor. Come, Sister, shall we walk the other way?

The Man will catch us else: we have but two legs,

And he perhaps has four.

Mir. Well, Sister, though he have; yet look about you,

And we shall spy him ere he comes too near us.

Dor. Come back, that way is towards his Den.

Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?

Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a ftrange one too) which did awake me:
I fhak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,
I faw their weapons drawne: there was a noyfe,
That's verily: 'tis beft we ftand vpon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground & let's make further fearch
For my poore fonne.

Gon. Heauens keepe him from thefe Beafits:
For he is fure i'th Ifland.

Alo. Lead away.

Ariell. *Proffero* my Lord, fhall know what I haue done.
So (King) goe fafely on to feeke thy Son.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyfe of
Thunder heard.)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne fuckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Proffer* fall, and make him
By yuch-meale a difeafe: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes muft curfe. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vrchyn-flhewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnleffe he bid 'em; but
For euery trifle, are they fet vpon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: fometimes am I
All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues
Doe huffe me into madneffe: Lo, now Lo,
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in flowly: I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.

*Enter.
Trinculo.*

Mir. Let me alone; I'll venture first, for sure he can
Devour but one of us at once.

Dor. How dare you venture?

Mir. We'll find him fitting like a Hare in's Form,
And he shall not see us.

Dor. I but you know my Father charg'd us both.

Mir. But who shall tell him on't? we'll keep each
Others counsel.

Dor. I dare not for the world.

Mir. But how shall we hereafter shun him, if we do not
Know him first?

Dor. Nay, I confess I would fain see him too. I find it in my
Nature, because my Father has forbid me.

Mir. I, there's it, Sister, if he had said nothing, I had been quiet. Go
softly, and if you see him first, be quick, and beckon me away.

Dor. Well, if he does catch me I'll humble my self to him,
And ask him pardon, as I do my Father,
When I have done a fault.

Mir. And if I can but scape with life, I had rather be in pain nine months,
as my Father threatn'd, than lose my longing.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene continues. Enter Hippolyto.

Hip. *Prospero* has often said, that Nature makes
Nothing in vain: why then are women made?
Are they to suck the poison of the Earth,
As gaudy colour'd Serpents are? I'll ask that
Question, when next I see him here.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda peeping.

Dor. O Sister, there it is, it walks about like one of us.

Mir. I, just so, and has legs as we have too.

Hip. It strangely puzzles me: yet 'tis most likely
Women are somewhat between men and spirits.

Dor. Hark! it talks, sure this is not it my Father meant,
For this is just like one of us: methinks I am not half
So much afraid on't as I was; see now it turns this way.

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it sing int' winde: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would fhed his licquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choofe but fall by paile-fuls. What haue we here, a man, or a fish? dead or aliuie? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smel: a kinde of, not of the newest poore-Iohn: a strange fish: were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of siluer: there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange beaft there, makes a man: when they will not giue a doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like Armes: warme o'my troth: I doe now let loofe my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Iflander, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas, the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe vnder his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellowes: I will here fthrowd till the dregges of the storme be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore.*

This is a very scuruy tune to sing at a mans
Funerall: well, here's my comfort.

Drinks.

*Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine & I;
The Gunner, and his Mate
Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of vs car'd for Kate.*

*For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:
She lou'd not the sauer of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.
Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.*

This is a scuruy tune too:

But here's my comfort. *drinks.*

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

Ste. What's the matter?

Haue we diuels here?

Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of Inde? ha? I haue

Mir. Heaven! what a goodly thing it is?

Dor. I'll go nearer it.

Mir. O no, 'tis dangerous, Sifter! I'll go to it.

I would not for the world that you should venture.

My Father charg'd me to secure you from it.

Dor. I warrant you this is a tame man dear Sifter,
He'll not hurt me, I see it by his looks.

Mir. Indeed he will! but go back, and he shall eat me first:
Fie, are you not ashamed to be so much inquisitive?

Dor. You chide me for 't, and would give your self.

Mir. Come back, or I will tell my Father.

Observe how he begins to stare already.

I'll meet the danger first, and then call you.

Dor. Nay, Sifter, you shall never vanquish me in kindness.

I'll venture you no more than you will me.

Prosp. *within.* *Miranda*, Child, where are you!

Mir. Do you not hear my Father call? go in.

Dor. 'Twas you he nam'd, not me; I will but say my prayers,
And follow you immediately.

Mir. Well, Sifter, you'll repent it. [*Exit* *Miranda*.]

Dor. Though I die for't, I must have th' other peep.

Hip. seeing her. What thing is that? sure 'tis some Infant of the Sun,
dress'd in his Father's gayest Beams, and comes to play with Birds: my fight
is dazz'd, and yet I find I'm loth to shut my Eyes.

I must go nearer it—but stay a while;

May it not be that beautiful Murderer, Woman,

Which I was charg'd to shun? Speak, what art thou?

Thou shining Vision!

Dor. Alas, I know not; but I'm told I am a Woman;
Do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.

Hip. I'd sooner tear my eyes out, than consent to do you any harm;
though I was told a Woman was my Enemy.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to be an Enemy, nor can I e'er prove so to
that which looks like you: for though I have been charg'd by him (whom
yet I never disobey'd) to shun your presence, yet I'd rather die than lose it;
therefore I hope you will not have the heart to hurt me: though I fear you are
a Man, that dangerous thing of which I have been warn'd. Pray tell me
what you are?

not scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as proper a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him giue ground: and it fhall be said fo againe, while *Stephano* breathes at' nostrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

Ste. This is some Monster of the Ifle, with foure legs; who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell fhould he learne our language? I will giue him some reliefe if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Prefent for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-leather.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'll bring my wood home fafter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the wifest; hee fhall taft of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee fhall pay for him that hath him, and that foundly.

Cal. Thou do'ft me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Prosper* workes vpon thee.

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here is that which will giue language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will fhake your fhaking, I can tell you, and that foundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe.

Tri. I fhould know that voyce:

It fhould be,

But hee is dround; and thefe are diuels; O defend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a moft delicate Monfter: his forward voyce now is to fpeake well of his friend; his backward voice, is to vtter foule fpeeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth.

Tri. *Stephano.*

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monfter: I will leaue him, I haue no long Spooone.

Tri. *Stephano.* if thou beeft *Stephano*, touch me, and fpeake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou bee'ft *Trinculo*: come foorth: I'e pull thee by the leffer legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges, thefe are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'ft thou to be the fiege of this Moone-calfe? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Hip. I must confess, I was inform'd I am a Man,
But if I fright you, I shall wish I were some other Creature.
I was bid to fear you too.

Dor. Ay me! Heav'n grant we be not poison to each other!
Alas, can we not meet but we must die?

Hip. I hope not so! for when two poisonous Creatures,
Both of the same kind, meet, yet neither dies.
I've seen two Serpents harmless to each other,
Though they have twin'd into a mutual knot:
If we have any venom in us, sure, we cannot be more
Poisonous, when we meet, than Serpents are.

You have a hand like mine, may I not gently touch it? [*Takes her hand.*]

Dor. I've touch'd my Father's and my Sister's hands,
And felt no pain; but now, alas! there's something,
When I touch yours which makes me sigh: just so
I've seen two Turtles mourning when they met;
Yet mine's pleasing grief; and so me thought was theirs:
For still they mourn'd, and still they seem'd to murmur too,
And yet they often met.

Hip. Oh Heavens! I have the same sense too: your hand
Methink goes through me; I feel at my heart,
And find it pleases, though it pains me.

Pros. *within.* *Dorinda!*

Dor. My Father calls again; ah, I must leave you.

Hip. Alas, I'm subject to the same command.

Dor. This is my first offence against my Father,
Which he, by severing us, too cruelly does punish.

Hip. And this is my first trespass too: but he hath more
Offended truth than we have him:
He said our meeting would destructive be,
But I no death but in our parting see. [*Exeunt several ways.*]

SCENE III. *A Wild Island.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonz. 'Beseech your Grace be merry: you have cause, so have we all, of
joy, for our strange 'scape; then wisely, good Sir, weigh our furrow with our
comfort.

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-ftrok; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme ouerblowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* fcap'd?

Ste. 'Prethée doe not turne me about, my ftomacke is not conftant.

Cal. Thefe be fine things, and if they be not fprights: that's a braue God, and beares Celeftiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'ft thou fcape?

How cam'ft thou hither?

Swear by this Bottle how thou cam'ft hither: I efcap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylor heaued o'reboord, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, fince I was caft a'fhore.

Cal. I'le fwear vpon that Bottle, to be thy true fubiect, for the liquor is not earthly.

St. Heere: fwear then how thou efcap'dft.

Tri. Swom afhore (man) like a Ducke: I can fwim like a Ducke i'le be fworne.

Ste. Here, kiffe the Booke.

Though thou canft fwim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goofe.

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'ft any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th'fea-fide, where my Wine is hid:

How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'ft thou not dropt from heauen?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe affure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I haue feene thee in her: and I doe adore thee:

My Miftris fhew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bufh.

Ste. Come, fwear to that: kiffe the Booke: I will furnifh it anon with new Contents: Swear.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very fhallow Monfter: I afear'd of him? a very weake Monfter:

The Man ith' Moone?

A moft poore creadulous Monfter:

Well drawne Monfter, in good footh.

Alonz. . . . Prithee peace, you cram these words into my ears, against my stomach; how can I rejoice, when my dear Son, perhaps this very moment, is made a meal to some strange Fish?

Anto. Sir, he may live, I saw him beat the Billows under him, and ride upon their backs; I do not doubt he came alive to Land.

Alonz. No, no, he's gone; and you and I, *Antonio*, were those who caus'd his death.

Anto. How could we help it?

Alonz. Then, then we should have help'd it, when thou betray'dst thy Brother *Prospero*, and *Mantua's* Infant Sovereign, to my power; and when I, too ambitious, took by force another's right: Then lost we *Ferdinand*; Then forfeited our Navy to this Tempest.

Anto. Indeed we first broke Truce with Heaven; you to the waves an Infant Prince expos'd, and on the waves have lost an only Son. I did usurp my Brother's fertile Lands, and now am cast upon this Desert-Isle.

Gonz. These, Sirs, 'tis true, were crimes of a black dy; but both of you have made amends to Heav'n by your late Voyage into *Portugal*; where, in defence of Christianity, your valour has repuls'd the Moors of *Spain*.

Alonz. O name it not, *Gonzalo*;

No act but penitence can expiate guilt!

Must we teach Heav'n what price to set on Murder! what rate on lawless Power and wild Ambition! or dare we traffick with the Powers above, and sell by weight a good deed for a bad? [*A flourish of Musick.*]

Gonz. Musick! and in the air! sure we are Shipwrack'd on the Dominions of some merry Devil!

Anto. This Isle's Inchant'd grounds; for I have heard swift voices flying by my ear, and groans of lamenting Ghosts.

Alonz. I pull'd a Tree, and blood pursu'd my hand.

Heav'n deliver me from this dire place, and all the after-actions of my life shall mark my penitence and my bounty. [*Musick again louder.*]

Hark! the sounds approach us! [*The stage opens in several places.*]

Anto. Lo the Earth opens to devour us quick.

These dreadful horrors, and the guilty sense of my foul Treason, have unmann'd me quite.

Alonz. We on the brink of swift destruction stand;

No means of our escape is left. [*Another flourish of Voices under the stage.*]

Anto. Ah, what amazing sounds are these we hear!

Cal. Ile fhew thee euey fertill ynch 'oth Iland: and I will kiffe thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a moft perfidious, and drunken Monfter, when's god's a fleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. Ile kiffe thy foot. Ile fweare my felfe thy Subiect.

Ste. Come on then: downe and fweare.

Tri. I fhall laugh my felfe to death at this puppi-headed Monfter: a moft fcruie Monfter: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kiffe.

Tri. But that the poore Monfter's in drinke:

An abhominable Monfter.

Cal. I'le fhew thee the beft Springs: I'le plucke thee Berries: I'le fh for thee; and get thee wood enough.

A plague vpon the Tyrant that I ferue;

I'le beare him no more Sticke, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A moft rediculous Monfter, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I 'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; fhew thee a Iayes nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to cluftring Philbirts, and fometimes I'le get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I pre-thee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company elfe being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Mafter; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monfter: a drunken Monfter.

Cal. No more dams I'le make for fh,

Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,

Nor scrape trenching, nor wash difh,

Ban' ban' Cacalyban

Has a new Mafter, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome.

Ste. O braue Monfter; lead the way.

Exeunt.

Gonz. What horrid Masque will the dire Fiends present?
Sing under the Stage.

1. Dev. *Where does the black Fiend Ambition reside,
With the mischievous Devil of Pride?*

2. Dev. *In the lowest and darkest Caverns of Hell
Both Pride and Ambition does dwell.*

1. Dev. *Who are the chief Leaders of the damned Host?*

3. Dev. *Proud Monarchs, who tyrannize most.*

1. Dev. *Damned Princes there
The worst of torments bear;*

3. Dev. *Who in Earth all others in pleasures excel,
Must feel the worst torments of Hell.*

[*They rise singing this Chorus.*]

Anto. Oh Heav'n's! what horrid Vision's this?

How they upbraid us with our crimes!

Alonz. What fearful vengeance is in store for us!

1. Dev. *Tyrants by whom their subjects bleed,
Should in pains all others exceed;*

2. Dev. *And barb'rous Monarchs who their Neighbours invade,
And their Crowns unjustly get;
And such who their Brothers to death have betray'd,
In Hell upon burning Thrones shall be set.*

3. Dev. — *In Hell, with flames they shall reign,*

Chor. *And for ever, for ever shall suffer the pain.*

Anto. Oh my Soul; for ever, for ever shall suffer the pain.

Alon. Has Heav'n in all its infinite stock of mercy

No overflowings for us? poor, miserable, guilty men!

Gonz. Nothing but horrors do encompass us!

For ever, for ever must we suffer!

Alon. For ever we shall perish! O dismal words, for ever!

1. Dev. *Who are the Pillars of the Tyrants Court?*

2. Dev. *Rapine and Murder his Crown must support!*

3. Dev. — *His cruelty does tread
On Orphans tender breasts, and Brothers dead!*

2. Dev. *Can Heav'n permit such crimes should be
Attended with felicity?*
1. Dev. *No Tyrants their Scepters do easily bear,
In the midst of their Guards they their Consciencs fear.*
2. Dev. *Care their minds when they make unquiet will keep,*
Chor. *And we with dire visions disturb all their sleep.*

Anto. Oh horrid fight! how they stare upon us!

The Fiends will hurry us to the dark Mansion.

Sweet Heav'n, have mercy on us!

1. Dev. *Say, say, shall we bear these bold Mortals from hence?*
2. Dev. *No, no, let us show their degrees of offence.*
3. Dev. *Let's muster their crimes up on every side,
And first let's discover their pride.*

Enter Pride.

Pride. Lo here is *Pride* who first led them astray,
And did to *Ambition* their minds then betray.

Enter Fraud.

Fraud. And *Fraud* does next appear,
Their wandering steps who led,
When they from virtue fled,
They in my crooked paths their course did steer.

Enter Rapine.

Rapine. From *Fraud* to force they soon arrive,
Where *Rapine* did their actions drive.

Enter Murder.

Murder. ..There long they could not stay;
Down the steep hill they run,
And to perfect the mischief which they had begun,
To *Murder* they bent all their way.

Around, around we pace,

Chorus About this cursed place;

of all. While thus we compass in

These Mortals and their sin.

[Devils vanish.]

Anto. Heav'n has heard me, they are vanish'd!

Alon. But they have left me all unmann'd?

I feel my sinews slacken with the fright;

And a cold sweat trills down o'r all my Limbs,
As if I were diffolving into water.

Oh *Prospero*, my crimes 'gainst thee sit heavy on my heart!

Anto. And mine 'gainst him and young *Hippolyto*.

Gonz. Heav'n have mercy on the penitent.

Alon. Lead from this curf'd ground;

The Seas in all their rage are not so dreadful.

This is the Region of despair and death.

Alonz. Beware all fruit, but what the Birds have peck'd.

The shadows of the Trees are poisonous too: a secret venom slides from every branch! my Conscience does distract me

O my Son! why do I speak of eating or repose, before I know thy for tune?

[As they are going out, a Devil rises just before them, at which they start, and are frighted.]

Alonz. O Heavens! yet more Apparitions!

Devil sings. *Arise, arise! ye subterranean winds,*

More to disturb their guilty minds.

And all ye filthy damps and vapours rise,

Which use t' infect the Earth, and trouble all the skies;

Rise you, from whom devouring plagues have birth:

You that i' th' vast and hollow womb of Earth,

Engender Earthquakes, make whole Countreys shake,

And stately Cities into Desarts turn;

And you who feed the flames by which Earths entrails burn.

Ye raging winds, whose rapid force can make

All but the fix'd and solid Centre shake:

Come drive these Wretches to that part o' th' Isle,

Where Nature never yet did smile:

Cause Fogs & Storms, Whirlands & Earthquakes there:

There let 'em houl and languish in despair.

Rise and obey the pow'rful Prince o' th' Air.

Two Winds rise, Ten more enter and dance.

At the end of the Dance, Three winds sink, the rest drive

Alon. Anto. Gonz. off.

Act ends.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; — their labor
Delight in them set off: Some kindes of benefeffe
Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters
Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but
The Mistress which I serue, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remoue
Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,
Vpon a fore iniunction; my sweet Mistris
Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such benefes
Had neuer like Executor: I forget:
But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,
Most busie left, when I doe it. *Enter Miranda and Prospero*

Mir. Alas, now pray you
Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt vp those Logs that you are enjoynd to pile:
Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes
'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father
Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,
Hee's safe for these three houres.

Fer. O most deere Mistris,
The Sun will set before I shall discharge.
What I must strue to do.

Mir. If you'll sit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my finewes, breake my backe,
Then you should such dishonor vndergoe,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I should do it

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A wild Island.**Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel and Milcha invisible.*

Ariel. **C**ome unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands,
 Curtsi'd when you have, and kiss'd;
 The wild waves whist.
 Foot it featly here and there,
 And sweet sprights the burthen bear.
 Hark! Hark!
 Bow waugh, the watch-dogs bark.
 Bow waugh. Hark! hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting Chanticleer,
 Cry, Cock a doodle do.

Ferd. Where should this Mufick be? i' th' air, or earth? it sounds no more, and sure it waits upon some God i' th' Island; fitting on a bank, weeping against the Duke; my Father's wrack'd; This Mufick hover'd on the waters, allaying both their fury and my passion with charming Aires. Thence I have follow'd it, (or it has drawn me rather) but 'tis gone: No, it begins again.

Milcha sings.

*Full fathom five thy Father lies,
 Of his bones is Coral made:
 Those are Pearls that were his Eyes,
 Nothing of him that does fade,
 But does suffer a Sea-change
 Into something rich and strange:
 Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell;
 Hark! now I hear 'um, ding dong Bell.*

Ferd. This mournful Ditty mentions my drown'd Father. This is no mortal business, nor a sound which the Earth owns— I hear it now before me; however I will on and follow it.

[*Exit Ferd. following Ariel.*]

With much more ease: for my good will is to it.
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This visitation shewes it.

Mir. You looke wearily.

Fer. No, noble Miftris, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beseech you
Cheefely, that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Mir. *Mirando*, O my Father,
I haue broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's deereft to the world: full many a Lady
I haue ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare: for feuerall vertues
Haue I lik'd feuerall women, neuer any
VVith so full foule, but some defect in her
Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peettleffe, are created
Of euerie Creatures best.

Mir. I do not know
One of my sexe; no womans face remember,
Sauer from my glasse, mine owne: Nor haue I seene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skilleffe of; but by my modestie
(The ieuell in my dower) I would not wifh
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a shape
Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King

(I would not fo) and would no more endure
 This wodden flauerie, then to suffer
 The flesh-flie blow my mouth: heare my foule fpeake.
 The verie infant that I faw you, did
 My heart flie to your feruice, there refides
 To make me flauie to it, and for your fake
 And I this patient Logge-man.

Mir. Do you loue me?

Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this found,
 And crowne what I profefse with kinde euent
 If I fpeake true: if hollowly, inuert
 VVhat beft is boaded me, to mifchiefe: I,
 Beyond all limit of what elfe i'th world
 Do loue, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a foole
 To weepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounter
 Of two moft rare affections: heauens raine grace
 On that which breeds between 'em.

Fer. VVherefore weepe you?

Mir. At mine vnworthineffe, that dare not offer
 VVhat I defire to giue; and much leffe take
 VVhat I fhall die to want: But this is trifling,
 And all the more it feekes to hide it felfe,
 The bigger bulke it fhewes. Hence bafhfull cunning,
 And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
 I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
 If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow
 You may denie me, but Ile be your feruant
 VVhether you will or no.

Fer. My Miftris (deereft)
 And I thus humble euer.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing
 As bondage ere of freedome: here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell
 Till halfe an houre hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
VVho are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
For yet ere supper time, must I performe
Much businesse appertaining.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord em' Seruant Monfter, drinke to me.

Trin. Seruant Monfter? the folly of this Iland, they say there's but five vpon this Isle; we are three of them, if th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters.

Ste. Drinke seruuant Monfter when I bid thee, thy eies are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? thee were braue Monfter indeede if they were set in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monfter hath drown'd his tongue in facke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I swam ere I could recouer the shore, five and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou shalt be my Lieutenant Monfter, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee's no standard.

Ste. VVeel not run Monsieur Monfter.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good Moone-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shooe: Ile not serue him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monfter, I am in case to iustle a Conftable: why, thou debosh'd Fish thou, was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monfter?

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monfter should be such a Naturall?

SCENE II. *The Cyprejs-trees and Cave.**Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

Pros. Excuse it not, *Miranda*, for to you (the elder, and I thought the more discreet) I gave the conduct of your Sisters actions.

Mir. Sir, when you call'd me thence, I did not fail to mind her of her duty to depart.

Pros. How can I think you did remember hers, when you forgot your own? did you not see the man whom I commanded you to shun?

Mir. I must confess I saw him at a distance.

Pros. Did not his Eyes infect and poison you?
What alteration found you in your self?

Mir. I only wondered at a sight so new.

Pros. But have you no desire once more to see him?
Come, tell me truly what you think of him?

Mir. As of the gayest thing I ever saw, so fine, that it appear'd more fit to be lov'd than fear'd, and seem'd so near my kind, that I did think I might have call'd it Sister.

Pros. You do not love it?

Mir. How is it likely that I should, except the thing had first lov'd me?

Pros. Cherish those thoughts; you have a generous soul;
And since I see your mind not apt to take the light
Impressions of a sudden love, I will unfold
A secret to your knowledge.

That Creature which you saw, is of a kind which
Nature made a prop and guide to yours.

Mir. Why did you then propose him as an object of terrour to my mind?
you never us'd to teach me any thing but God-like truths, and what you said, I did believe as sacred.

Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. Trinculo, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monfter's my fubiect, and he fhall not fuffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the fuite I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it, I will ftand, and fo fhall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell inuifible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am fubiect to a Tirant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Ifland.

Ariell. Thou lyeft.

Cal. Thou lyeft, thou iefting Monkey thou: I would my valiant Mafter would deftroy thee. I do not lye.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, By this hand, I will fupplant fome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I faid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I fay by Sorcery he got this Ifle From me, he got it. If thy Greatneffe will Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'ft) But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's moft certaine.

Cal. Thou fhalt be Lord of it, and Ile ferue thee.

Ste. How now fhall this be compaft? Canft thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee afleepe, Where thou maift knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou lieft, thou canft not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou fcuruy patch: I do befeech thy Greatneffe giue him blowes, And take his bottle from him: When that's gone, He fhall drinke nought but brine, for I'le not fhew him Where the quicke Frefhes are.

Profp. I fear'd the pleasing form of this young man
Might unaware possess your tender breast,
Which for a nobler guest I had design'd;
For shortly, my *Miranda*, you shall see another of this kind,
The fullblown Flower, of which this Youth was but the
Op'ning Bud. Go in, and send your Sister to me.

Mir. Heav'n still preserve you, Sir.

[*Exit* *Miranda*.]

Profp. And make thee fortunate.

Enter *Dorinda*.

O, come hither, you have seen a man to day,
Against my strict command.

Dor. Who I? indeed I saw him but a little, Sir.

Profp. Come, come, be clear. Your Sister told me all.

Dor. Did she? truly she would have seen him more than I,
But that I would not let her.

Profp. Why so?

Dor. Because, methought, he would have hurt me less
Than he would her. But if I knew you'd not be angry
With me, I could tell you, Sir, that he was much to blame.

Profp. Hah! was he to blame?

Tell me, with that sincerity I taught you, how you became so bold to see
the man?

Dor. I hope you will forgive me, Sir, because I did not see him much
till he saw me. Sir, he would needs come in my way, and star'd, and star'd
upon my face; and so I thought I would be reveng'd of him, and therefore I
gaz'd on him as long; but if I e'r come near a man again——

Profp. I told you he was dangerous; but you would not be warn'd.

Dor. Pray be not angry, Sir, if I tell you, you are mistaken in him; for he
did me no great hurt.

Profp. But he may do you more harm hereafter.

Dor. No, Sir I'm as well as ever I was in all my life,
But that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him.
That dangerous man runs ever in my mind.

Profp. The way to cure you, is no more to see him.

Dor. Nay, pray, Sir, say not so, I promis'd him
To see him once agen; and you know, Sir,

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger:
Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my
mercie out o'doores, and make a Stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:
Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that,
As you like this, giue me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not giue the lie: Out o'your wittes, and hearing too?
A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo:
A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time
Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him
I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him,
Hauing first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a itake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possesse his Bookes; for without them
Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,
He ha's braue Vtenfils (for so he calles them)
Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall.
And that most deeply to confider, is
The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe
Calls her a non-pareill: I neuer saw a woman
But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she;
But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*,
As great't do's least.

Ste. Is it so braue a Laffe?

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth braue brood.

You charg'd me I should never break my promise.

Prosp. Wou'd you see him who did you so much mischief?

Dor. I warrant you I did him as much harm as he did me;
For when I left him, Sir, he sigh'd so, as it griev'd
My heart to hear him.

Prosp. Those sighs were poisonous, they infected you:
You say, they griev'd you to the heart.

Dor. 'Tis true; but yet his looks and words were gentle.

Prosp. These are the Day dreams of a Maid in Love,
But still I fear the worst.

Dor. O fear not him, Sir.

Prosp. You speak of him with too much passion; tell me
(And on your duty tell me true, *Dorinda*)
What pass betwixt you and that horrid creature?

Dor. How, horrid, Sir? if any else but you should call it so, indeed I
should be angry.

Prosp. Go too! you are a foolish Girl; but answer to what I ask, what
thought you when you saw it?

Dor. At first it star'd upon me, and seem'd wild,
And then I trembled, yet it look'd so lovely, that when
I would have fled away, my feet seem'd fasten'd to the ground,
Then it drew near, and with amazement ask'd
To touch my hand; which, as a ransom for my life,
I gave: but when he had it, with a furious gripe
He put it to his mouth so eagerly, I was afraid he
Would have swallow'd it.

Prosp. Well, what was his behaviour afterwards?

Dor. He on a sudden grew so tame and gentle,
That he became more kind to me than you are;
Then, Sir, I grew I know not how, and touching his hand
Agen, my heart did beat so strong, as I lack'd breath
To answer what he ask'd.

Prosp. You have been too fond, and I should chide you for it.

Dor. Then send me to that Creature to be punish'd.

Prosp. Poor Child! thy passion, like a lazy Ague,
Has seiz'd thy blood, instead of striving, thou humour'ft
And feed'ft thy languishing disease: thou fight'ft

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, faue our Grace: and Trinculo and they felue fhall be Vice-royes: Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am forry I beate thee: But while thou liu'ft keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be afleepe, Wilt thou deftroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Mafter.

Cal. Thou mak'ft me merry: I am full of pleafure, Let vs be iocond. Will you trouble the Catch. You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reafon, Any reafon: Come on *Trinculo*, let vs fing.

Sings.

*Flout'em, and cout'em: and showd'em, and flout'em,
Thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this fame?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beeft a man, fhew thy felue in thy likenes: If thou beeft a diuell, take't as thou lift.

Trin. O forgiue me my finnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee; Mercy vpon us.

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Ifle is full of noyfes, Sounds, and fweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not: Sometimes a thoufand twangling Inftuments Will hum about mine eares; and fometimes voices, That if I then had wak'd after long fleepe, Will make me fleepe againe, and then in dreaming, The clouds methought would open, and fhew riches Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd

The Battels of thy Enemy, and 'tis one part of what
I threaten'd thee, not to perceive thy danger.

Dor. Danger, Sir?

If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how:
He hath no Claws nor Teeth, nor Horns to hurt me,
But looks about him like a Callow-bird.
Just trangl'd from the Nest: pray trust me, Sir,
To go to him agen.

Prosp. Since you will venture,
I charge you bear your self reserv'dly to him,
Let him not dare to touch your naked hand,
But keep at distance from him.

Dor. This is hard.

Prosp. It is the way to make him love you more;
He will despise you if you grow too kind.

Dor. I'll struggle with my heart to follow this,
But if I lose him by it, will you promise
To bring him back agen?

Prosp. Fear not, *Dorinda*;
But use him ill, and he'll be yours for ever.

Dor. I hope you have not couzen'd me agen.

[*Exit Dor.*]

Prosp. Now my designs are gathering to a head.
My spirits are obedient to my charms.
What, *Ariel*! my servant *Ariel*, where art thou?

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. What wou'd my potent Master? Here I am.

Prosp. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you in such another
Work: how goes the day?

Ariel. On the fourth, my Lord, and on the sixth, you said our work
should cease.

Prosp. And so it shall;
And thou shalt have the open air at freedom.

Ariel. Thanks, my great Lord.

Prosp. But tell me first, my Spirit,
How fares the Duke, my Brother, and their followers?

I cri'de to dreame againe.

Ste. This will proue a braue kingdome to me,
Where I fhall haue my Muficke for nothing.

Cal. When Profpero is deftroi'd.

Ste. That fhall be by and by:
I remember the ftorie.

Trin. The found is going away,
Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monfter,
Wee'l follow: I would I could fee this Taborer,
He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come?
To follow *Stephano.*

Exeunt.

Ariel. Confin'd together, as you gave me order,
In the Lime-grove, which weather-fends your Cell!
Within that Circuit up and down they wander,
But cannot stir one step beyond their compass.

Profp. How do they bear their sorrows?

Ariel. The two Dukes appear like men distracted, their
Attendants brim-full of sorrow mourning over 'em;
But chiefly, he you term'd the good *Gonzalo*:
His Tears run down his Beard, like Winter drops
From Eaves of Reeds, your Vision did so work 'em,
That if you now behold 'em, your affections
Would become tender.

Profp. Do'ft thou think so, Spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Profp. And mine shall:

Haft thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling of their
Afflictions, and shall not I (a man like them, one
Who as sharply relish passions as they) be kinder
Mov'd than thou art? though they have pierc'd
Me to the quick with injuries, yet with my nobler
Reason 'ainst my fury I will take part;
The rarer action is in vertue than in vengeance.
Go, my *Ariel*, refresh with needful food their
Famish'd bodies. With shows and cheerful
Musick comfort 'em.

Ariel. Presently, Master.

Profp. With a twinkle, *Ariel*. But stay, my Spirit;
What is become of my Slave *Caliban*,
And *Sycorax* his Sister?

Ariel. Potent Sir!

They have cast off your service, and revolted
To the wrack'd Mariners, who have already
Parcell'd your Island into Governments.

Profp. No matter, I have now no need of 'em.
But, Spirit, now I stay thee on the Wing;
Haste to perform what I have given in charge:
But see they keep within the bounds I set 'em.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Alfonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo,
Adrian, Francisco, &c.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience,
I needes must rest me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearineffe
To th'dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest:
Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd
Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate searck on land: well, let him goe.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope:
Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose
That you resolu'd t'effect.

Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppres'd with trauaile, they
Will not, nor cannot vse such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

*Solemne and strange Musicke: and Prosper on the top (inuisible:) Enter
seuerall strange shapes, bringing in a Banquet; and dance about it with gentle
actions of salutations, and inuiting the King, &c. to eate, they depart.*

Seb. I fay to night: no more.

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.

Gon. Maruellous sweet Musicke.

Alo. Giue vs kind keepers, heaues: what were these?

Seb. A liuing *Drolieries* now I will beleeeue
That there are *Vnicornes*: that in *Arabia*

Ariel. I'll keep e'm in with Walls of Adamant,
Invisible as air to mortal eyes,
But yet unpaffable.

Prosp. Make haft then.

Exeunt feverally.

SCENE III. *Wild Ifland.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonz. I am weary and can go no further Sir.

Alon. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, who am my felf feiz'd
With a wearinefs, to the dulling of my Spirits: [*They fit.*]
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it no longer
For my flatterers: he is drown'd whom thus we
Stray to find.

I'm faint with hunger, and muft despair
Of food.

[*Musicik without.*]

What! Harmony agen, my good friends, hark!

Anto. I fear fome other horrid apparition.

Give us kind Keepers, Heaven I befeech thee!

Gonz. 'Tis chearful Mufick this, unlike the firft.

Ariel and Milcha invisible, fings.

*Dry thofe eyes which are o'rflowing,
All your ftorms are overblowing:
While you in this Ifle are biding,
You fhall feaft without providing:
Every dainty you can think of,
Ev'ry Wine which you would drink of,
Shall be yours; all want fhall fhun you,
Ceres bleffing fo is on you.*

Alonz. This voice fpeaks comfort to us.

Ant. Wou'd 'twere come; there is no Mufick in a Song
To me, my ftomach being empty.

Gonz. O for a heavenly vifion of Boyl'd,
Bak'd, and Roafted!

*[Dance of fantaftick Spirits, after the Dance, a Table furnifh'd with
Meat and Fruits is brought in by two Spirits.]*

There is one Tree, the Phœnix throne, one Phœnix
At this hours reigning there.

Ant. Ile beleue both :

And what do's else want credit, come to me
And Ile befworne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they beleue me?
If I should say I saw such Islands;
(For certes, these are people of the Island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of
Our humane generation you shall finde
Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,

Thou hast said well: for some of you there present;
Are worse then diuels.

Al. I cannot too much muse

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing
(Although they want the vie of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dumbe discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue stomacks.
Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Alo. Not I.

Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were Boyes
Who would beleue that there were Mountayneeres,
Dew-lapt, like Buls, whose throats had hanging at'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we finde
Each putter out of five for one, will bring vs
Good warrant of.

Al. I will stand to, and feede,

Although my last, no matter, since I feele
The best is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke,

Ant. My Lord the Duke, see yonder.
A Table, as I live, fet out and furnish'd
With all varieties of Meats and fruits.

Alonz. 'Tis so indeed; but who dares taste this feast
Which Fiends provide, perhaps to poison us?

Gonz. Why that dare I; if the black Gentleman be so illnatur'd, he may
do his pleasure.

Anto. 'Tis certain we must either eat or famish;
I will encounter it, and feed.

Alonz. If both resolve, I will adventure too.

Gonz. The Devil may fright me, yet he shall not starve me.

[*Two Spirits descend, and flie away with the Table.*]

Alonz. Heav'n! behold, it is as you suspected: 'tis vanish'd.
Shall we be always haunted with these Fiends?

Ant. Here we shall wander till we famish.

Gonz. Certainly one of you was so wicked as to say Grace:
This comes on't, when men will be godly out of season.

Ant. Yonders another Table, let's try that——

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Trincalo and Caliban.

Trinc. Brother Monster, welcome to my private Palace.
But where's thy Sister, is she so brave a Lass?

Calib. In all this Isle there are but two more, the Daughters of the
Tyrant *Prospero*; and she is bigger then 'em both. O here she comes; now
thou may'st judge thy self, my Lord.

Enter Sycorax.

Trinc. She's monstrous fair indeed. Is this to be my Spouse? well, she's
heir of all this Isle (for I will geld Monster.) The *Trincalo's*; like other
wife men, have antiently us'd to marry for Estate more than for beauty.

Syc. I prithee let me have the gay thing about thy neck, and that which
dangles at thy wrist.

[*Sycorax points to his Bosens Whistle and his Bottle.*]

Trinc. My dear Blobber-lips; this, observe my Chuck, is a badge of my
Sea-office; my fair Fufs, thou dost not know it.

Syc. No, my dread Lord.

Trinc. It shall be a Whistle for our first Babe, and when the next Ship-
wreck puts me again to swimming, I'll dive to get a Coral to it.

Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpey) claps his wings vpon the Table, and with a quiet deuice the Banquet vanishes.

Ar. You are three men of finne, whom destiny
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't: the neuer forfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,
Being most vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;
And euen with such like valour, men hang, and drowne
Their piper felues: you fooles, I and my fellowes
Are ministers of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plumbe: My fellow ministers
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
And will not be vplifted: But remember
(For that's my bufineffe to you) that you three
From *Millaine* did supplant good *Prospero*,
Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,
The Powers, delaying (not forgetting) haue
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonso*
They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring predition (worfe then any death
Can be at once) shall step, by step attend
You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else fals
Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-forrow,
And a cleere life ensuing.

He vanishes in Thunder: then (to soft Musicke.) Enter the shapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and carrying out the Table.

Pro. Brauely the figure of this Harpie, hast thou
Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had deuouring:

Syc. I'll be thy pretty Child, and wear it first.

Trinc. I prithee, sweet Baby, do not play the Wanton, and cry for my goods e'er I'm dead. When thou art my Widow, thou shalt have the Devil and all.

Syc. May I not have the other fine thing?

Trinc. This is a Sucking-bottle for young *Trincalo*.

Calib. Shall she not taste of that immortal Liquor?

Trinc. Umph! that's another question: for if she be thus flipant in her Water, what will she be in her Wine?

[*Enter Ariel (invisible) and changes the Bottle which stands upon the ground.*

Ariel. There's Water for your Wine.

[*Exit Ariel.*

Trinc. Well! since it must be so,

[*Gives her the Bottle.*

How do you like it now, my Queen that

[*she drinks.*

Must be?

Syc. Is this your heavenly Liquor? I'll bring you to a River of the fame.

Trinc. Wilt thou so, Madam Monster? what a mighty Prince shalt I be then? I would not change my Dukedom to be great Turk *Trincalo*.

Syc. This is the drink of Frogs.

Trinc. Nay, if the Frogs of this Island drink such, they are the merriest Frogs in Christendom.

Calib. She does not know the virtue of this Liquor:

I prithee let me drink for her.

Trinc. Well said, subject Monster.

[*Caliban drinks.*

Calib. My Lord, this is meer Water.

Trinc. 'Tis thou hast chang'd the Wine then, and drunk it up, Like a debauch'd Fish as thou art. Let me see't, I'll taste it my self. Element! mere Element! as I live. It was a cold gulph, such as this, which kill'd my famous Predecessor, old *Simon* the King.

Calib. How does thy honour? prithee be not angry, and I will lick thy shoe.

Trinc. I could find in my heart to turn thee out of my Dominions for a Liquorish Monster.

Calib. O my Lord, I have found it out; this must be done by one of *Prospero's* Spirits.

Of my Instruction, haft thou nothing bated
 In what thou had'ft to fay: fo with good life,
 And obferuation ftrange, my meaner minifters
 Their feuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,
 And thefe (mine enemies) are all knit vp
 In their diftractions: they now are in my powre;
 And in thefe fits, I leaue them, while I vifit
 Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they fuppofe is droun'd)
 And his, and mine lou'd darling.

Gon. I'th name of fomething holy, Sir, why ftand you
 In this ftrange ftare?

Al. O, it is monftrous: monftrous:
 Me thought the billowes fpoke, and told me of it,
 The windes did fing it to me: and the Thunder
 (That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
 The name of *Proffer*: it did bafe my Treppaffe,
 Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
 I'le feeke him deeper then ere plummet founded,
 And with him there lye mudded.

Exit.

Seb. But one feend at a time,
 Ile fight their Legions ore.

Ant. Ile be thy Second.

Exeunt.

Gon. All three of them are desperare: their great guilt
 (Like poyfon giuen to worke a great time after)
 Now gins to bite the fpirits: I doe befeech you
 (That are of fuppler ioyants) follow them fwiftly,
 And hinder them from what this extafie
 May now prouoke them to.

Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt omnes.

Trinc. There's nothing but malice in these Devils, I would it had been Holy-water for their fakes.

Syc. 'Tis no matter, I will cleave to thee.

Trinc. Lovingly said, in troth: now cannot I hold out against her. This Wife-like vertue of hers has overcome me.

Syc. Shall I have thee in my arms?

Trinc. Thou shalt have Duke *Trincalo* in thy arms:

But prithee be not too boistrous with me at first;

Do not discourage a young beginner.

[*They embrace.*]

Stand to your Arms, my Spouse,

And subject Monster;

[*Enter Steph. Must. Vent.*]

The Enemy is come to surprize us in our Quarters.

You shall know, Rebels, that I am marr'd to a Witch,

And we have a thousand Spirits of our party.

Steph. Hold! I ask a Truce! I and my Vice-Roys

(Finding no food, and but a small remainder of Brandy)

Are come to treat a Peace betwixt us,

Which may be for the good of both Armies,

Therefore *Trincalo* disband.

Trinc. Plain *Trincalo*, methinks I might have been a Duke in your mouth; I'll not accept of your Embassie without my Title.

Steph. A Title shall break no squares betwixt us:

Vice-Roys give him his style of Duke, and treat with him,

Whilst I walk by in state.

[*Ventofo and Mustacho bow, whilst
Trincalo puts on his Cap.*]

Must. Our Lord and Master, Duke *Stephano*, has sent us

In the first place to demand of you, upon what

Ground you make War against him, having no right

To govern here, as being elected onely by

Your own voice.

Trinc. To this I answer, That having in the face of the world

Espos'd the lawful Inheritrix of this Island,

Queen *Blouze* the first, and having homage done me,

By this Hectoring Spark her Brother, from these two

I claim a lawful Title to this Island,

Must. Who that Monster? he a Hector?

Calib. Lo! how he mocks me, wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Trinc. Vice-Roys! keep good tongues in your heads,
I advise you, and proceed to your business.

Mufft. First and foremost, as to your claim that you have answer'd.

Vent. But second and foremost, we demand of you,
That if we make a peace, the Butt also may be
Comprehended in the Treaty.

Trinc. I cannot treat with my honour, without your submission.

Steph. I understand, being present, from my Embassadors, what your resolution is, and ask an hours time of deliberation, and so I take our leave; but first I desire to be entertain'd at your Butt, as becomes a Prince, and his Embassadors.

Trinc. That I refuse, till acts of hostility be ceas'd.
These Rogues are rather Spies than Embassadors;
I must take heed of my Butt. They come to pry
Into the secrets of my Dukedome.

Vent. *Trincalo*, you are a barbarous Prince, and so farewell.

[*Exeunt Steph. Muft. Vent.*]

Trinc. Subject Monster! stand you Centry before my Cellar; my Queen and I will enter, and feast our selves within.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ferdinand, Ariel and Milcha (invisible.)

Ferd. How far will this invisible Musician conduct
My steps? he hovers still about me, whether
For good or ill, I cannot tell, nor care I much;
For I have been so long a slave to chance, that
I'm as weary of her flatteries as her frowns,
But here I am——

Ariel. Here I am.

Ferd. Hah! art thou so? the Spirit's turn'd an Eccho:
This might seem pleasant, could the burthen of my
Griefs accord with any thing but sighs.
And my last words, like those of dying men,
Need no reply. Fain would I go to shades, where
Few would wish to follow me.

Ariel. Follow me.

Ferd. This evil Spirit grows impertunate,

But I'll not take his counfel.

Ariel. Take his counfel.

Ferd. It may be the Devil's counfel, I'll never take it.

Ariel. Take it.

Ferd. I will difcourfe no more with thee,

Nor follow one ftep further.

Ariel. One ftep further.

Ferd. This muft have more importance than an Eccho.

Some Spirit tempts to a precipice.

I'll try if it will anfwer when I fing

My forrows to the murmur of this Brook.

He fings.

Go thy way.

Ariel.

Go thy way.

Ferd.

Why fhould'ft thou ftay?

Ariel.

Why fhould'ft thou ftay?

Ferd. *Where the winds whiftle, and where the ftreams creep,*

Under yond Willow tree, fain would I fleep,

Then let me alone,

For 'tis time to be gone,

Ariel.

For 'tis time to be gone.

Ferd. *What cares or pleafures can be in this Isle?*

Within this defart place

There lives no humane race;

Fate cannot frown here, nor kind fortune fmile.

Ariel. *Kind Fortune fmiles, and ſhe*

Has yet in ftore for thee

Some ftange felicity.

Follow me, follow me,

And thou fhalt fee.

Ferd. I'll take thy word for once;

Lead on Mufician.

[*Exeunt and return.*]

SCENE IV. *The Cyprefs-trees and Caves.*

Scene changes, and difcovers *Proſpero and Miranda.*

Proſp. Advance the fringed Curtains of thine Eyes, and fay what thou feeft yonder.

Mir. Is it a Spirit?

Lord! how it looks about! Sir, I confess it carries a brave form.
But 'tis a Spirit.

Profp. No, Girl, it eats, and sleeps, and has such senses as we have. This young Gallant, whom thou seest, was in the wrack; were he not somewhat stain'd with grief (beauty's worst canker) thou might'st call him a goodly person; he has lost his company, and strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him a thing Divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.

Profp. It goes on as my soul prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee within two days for this.

Ferd. She's sure the Mistress on whom these Airs attend. Fair Excellence, if, as your form declares, you are Divine, be pleas'd to instruct me how you will be worship'd; so bright a beauty cannot surely belong to humane kind.

Mir. I am, like you, a Mortal, if such you are.

Ferd. My language too! O Heavens! I am the best of them who speak this speech when I'm in my own Country.

Profp. How, the best? What wert thou if the Duke of *Savoy* heard thee?

Ferd. As I am now, who wonders to hear thee speak of *Savoy*: he does hear me, and that he does I weep, my self am *Savoy*, whose fatal eyes (e'er since at ebb) behold the Duke my Father wrack'd.

Mir. Alack for pity.

Profp. At the first sight they have chang'd eyes, dear *Ariel*
I'll set thee free for this—young Sir, a word.
With hazard of your self you do me wrong.

Mir. Why speaks my Father so urgently?
This is the third man that e'er I saw, the first whom
E'er I sigh'd for, sweet Heaven move my Father
To be inclin'd my way.

Ferd. O! if a Virgin! and your affections not gone forth,
I'll make you Mistress of *Savoy*.

Profp. Soft, Sir! one word more.
They are in each others powers, but this swift
Business I must uneasy make, lest too light
Winning make the prize light—one word more.
Thou usurp'st the name not due to thee, and hast
Put thy self upon this Island as a spy to get the

Government from me the Lord of it.

Ferd. No, as I'm a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple,
If the evil Spirit hath so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with it.

Prosp. No more. Speak not for him, he's a Traitor.
Come! thou art my prisoner, and shalt be in
Bonds. Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food
Shall be the fresh-Brook-Muscles, wither'd Roots,
And Husks, wherein the Acorn crawl'd; follow.

Ferd. No, I will resist such entertainment,
Till my Enemy has more power.

[He draws, and is charm'd from moving.]

Mir. O dear Father! make not too rash a trial
Of him, for he's gentle, and not fearful.

Prosp. My child my Tutor! put thy Sword up, Traitor,
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike: thy
Conscience is possess'd with guilt. Come from
Thy Ward, for I can here disarm thee with
This Wand, and make thy Weapon drop.

Mir. 'Beseech you Father.

Prosp. Hence: hang not on my Garment.

Mir. Sir, have pity,
I'll be his surety.

Prosp. Silence! one word more shall make me chide thee,
If not hate thee: what an advocate for an
Impostor? sure thou think'st there are no more
Such shapes as his?

To the most of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.

Mir. My affections are then most humble,
I have no ambition to see a goodlier man.

Prosp. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy again, and have
No vigour in them.

Ferd. So they are:
My Spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up:

My Father's lofs, the weaknefs which I feel,
 The wrack of all my friends, and this man's threats,
 To whom I am fubdu'd, would feem light to me,
 Might I but once a day through my prifon behold this Maid:
 All corners elfe o'th'eath let liberty make ufe of:
 I have fpace enough in fuch a prifon.

Profp. It works: come on.

Thou haft done well, fine *Ariel*, follow me.

Heark what thou fhalt more do for me.

[*Whispers Ariel.*]

Mir. Be of comfort!

My Father's of a better nature, Sir,
 Than he appears by fpeech: this is unwonted,
 Which now came from him.

Thou fhalt be as free as Mountain Winds:
 But then exactly do all points of my command.

Ariel. To a fyllable.

[*Exit Ariel.*]

Profp. to Mir. Go in that way, fpeak not a word for him:

I'll feparate you.

[*Exit Miranda.*]

Ferd. As foon thou may'ft divide the waters
 When thou ftrik'ft 'em, which purfue thy bootlefs blow,
 And meet when 'tis paf.

Profp. Go practice your Philofophy within,
 And if you are the fame you fpeak your felf,
 Bear your afflictions like a Prince—That door
 Shews you your Lodging.

Ferd. 'Tis in vain to ftrive, I muft obey.

[*Exit Ferd.*]

Profp. This goes as I would wifh it.

Now for my fecond care, *Hippolyto*.
 I fhall not need to chide him for his fault,
 His paffion is become his punifhment.

Come forth, *Hippolyto*.

Hip. entering. 'Tis *Profpéro's* voice.

Profp. *Hippolyto!* I know you now expect I fhould feverely chide you:
 you have feen a Woman in contempt of my commands.

Hip. But, Sir, you fee I am come off unharm'd;

I told you, that you need not doubt my courage.

Profp. You think you have receiv'd no hurt.

Hip. No, none, Sir.

Try me agen, when e'er you please I'm ready:
I think I cannot fear an Army of 'em.

Profp. How much in vain it is to bridle Nature!
Well! what was the success of your encounter?

[*Afide*

Hip. Sir, we had none, we yielded both at first,
For I took her to mercie, and she me.

Profp. But are you not much chang'd from what you were?

Hip. Methinks I wish and wish! for what I know not,
But still I wish——yet if I had that woman,
She, I believe, could tell me what I wish for.

Profp. What wou'd you do to make that Woman yours?

Hip. I'd quit the rest o' th' world, that I might live alone with
Her, she never should be from me.
We two would sit and look till our eyes ak'd.

Profp. You'd soon be weary of her.

Hip. O, Sir, never.

Profp. But you'd grow old and wrinkl'd, as you see me now,
And then you will not care for her.

Hip. You may do what you please, but, Sir, we two can never possibly
grow old.

Profp. You must, *Hippolyto*.

Hip. Whether we will or no, Sir, who shall make us?

Profp. Nature, which made me so.

Hip. But you have told me her works are various;
She made you old, but she has made us young.

Profp. Time will convince you,
Mean while be sure you tread in honours paths.
That you may merit her, and that you may not want
Fit occasions to employ your virtue, in this next
Cave there is a stranger lodg'd, one of your kind,
Young, of a noble preference, and, as he says himself,
Of Princely birth, he is my Pris'ner, and in deep
Affliction: visit, and comfort him; it will become you.

Hip. It is my duty, Sir.

[*Exit Hippolyto*.

Profp. True, he has seen a Woman, yet he lives; perhaps I took the
moment of his birth amiss, perhaps my Art it self is false: on what strange

grounds we build our hopes and fears, man's life is all a mift, and in the dark our fortunes meet us.

If fate be not, then what can we forefee?

Or how can we avoid it, if it be?

If by free-will in our own paths we move,

How are we bounded by Decrees above?

Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,

If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the act of Heaven.

[*Exit* Prospero.]

Enter Hippolyto and Ferdinand.

Scene a Cave.

Ferd. Your pity, noble youth, doth much oblige me,
Indeed 'twas sad to lose a Father so.

Hip. I, and an onely Father too, for sure you said
You had but one.

Ferd. But one Father! he's wondrous simple!

[*Aside.*]

Hip. Are such misfortunes frequent in your world,
Where many men live?

Ferd. Such are we born to.

But, gentle Youth, as you have question'd me.

So give me leave to ask you, what you are?

Hip. Do not you know?

Ferd. How should I?

Hip. I well hop'd I was a Man, but by your ignorance
Of what I am, I fear it is not so:

Well, *Prospero!* this is now the second time

You have deceiv'd me

Ferd. Sir, there is no doubt you are a man:

But I would know of whence?

Hip. Why, of this world, I never was in yours.

Ferd. Have you a Father?

Hip. I was told I had one, and that he was a man, yet I have bin so
much deceived, I dare not tell 't you for a truth; but I have still been kept a
Prisoner for fear of women.

Ferd. They indeed are dangerous, for since I came, I have beheld one
here: whose beauty pierc'd my heart.

Hip. How did she pierce, you seem not hurt.

Ferd. Alas! the wound was made by her bright eyes,
And fetters by her absence.

But, to speak plainer to you, Sir, I love her.

Hip. Now I suspect that love's the very thing, that I feel too! pray tell me, truly, Sir, are you not grown unquiet since you saw her?

Ferd. I take no rest.

Hip. Just, just my disease.

Do you not wish you do not know for what?

Ferd. O no! I know too well for what I wish. .

Hip. There, I confess I differ from you, Sir:
But you desire she may be always with you?

Ferd. I can have no felicity without her.

Hip. Just my condition! alas, gentle Sir:
I'll pity you and you shall pity me.

Ferd. I love so much, that if I have her not,
I find I cannot live.

Hip. How! do you love her?

And would you have her too? that must not be:
For none but I must have her.

Ferd. But perhaps we do not love the same:
All beauties are not pleasing alike to all.

Hip. Why are there more fair Women, Sir,
Besides that one I love?

Ferd. That's a strange question. There are many more besides that beauty which you love.

Hip. I will have all of that kind, if there be a hundred of 'em.

Ferd. But, noble Youth, you know not what you say.

Hip. Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be without 'em:
O, how I rejoice! more women!

Ferd. Sir, if you love you must be ty'd to one.

Hip. Ty'd! how ty'd to her?

Ferd. To love none but her.

Hip. But, Sir, I find it is against my nature.
I must love where I like, and I believe I may like all,
All that are fair; come; bring me to this woman,
For I must have her.

Ferd. His simplicity

[*Aside*

If fuch, that I can fcarce be angry with him.
Perhaps, fweet Youth, when you behold her,
You will find you do not love her.

Hip. I find already I love, becaufe fhe is another woman.

Ferd. You cannot love two women both at once.

Hip. Sure 'tis my duty to love all who do refemble
Her whom I've already feen. I'll have as many as I can,
That are fo good, and Angel-like, as fhe I love.
And will have yours.

Ferd. Pretty Youth, you cannot.

Hip. I can do anything for that I love.

Ferd. I may, perhaps, by force refrain you from it.

Hip. Why do fo if you can. But either promife me
'To love no woman, or you muft try your force.

Ferd. I cannot help it, I muft love.

Hip. Well you may love, for *Proffero* taught me friendship too: you
fhall love me and other men if you can find 'em, but all the Angel-women
fhall be mine.

Ferd. I muft break off this conference, or he will
Urge me elfe beyond what I can bear.

Sweet Youth! fome other time we will fpeak
Farther concerning both our loves; at prefent
I am indifpos'd with wearinefs and grief,
And would, if you are pleas'd, retire a while.

Hip. Some other time be it; but, Sir, remember
That I both feek and much intreat your friendship,
For next to Women, I find I can love you.

Ferd. I thank you, Sir, I will confider of it.

[*Exit Ferdinand.*]

Hip. This ftranger does infult, and comes into my
World to take thofe heavenly beauties from me,
Which I believe I am infpir'd to love,
And yet he faid he did defire but one.
He would be poor in love, but I'll be rich:
I now perceive that *Proffero* was cunning;
For when he frighted me from Woman-kind,
Thofe precious things he for himfelf defign'd.

[*Exit.*]

*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.**Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.*

Pro. If I haue too aufterely punifh'd you,
 Your compenation makes amends, for I
 Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
 Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
 I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
 Haft ftrangely ftood the teft: here, afore heauen
 I ratifie this my rich giift: O *Ferdinand*,
 Doe not fmile at me, that I boaft her of,
 For thou shalt finde fhe will out-ftrip all praife
 And make it halt, behinde her.

Fer. I doe beleeeue it
 Againft an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gueft, and thine owne acquisition
 Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
 If thou do'ft breake her Virgin-knot, before
 All fanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy right, be miniftred,
 No fweet afperftion fhall the heauens let fall
 To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
 Sower-ey'd difdaine, and difcord fhall befrew
 The vnion of your bed, with weedes fo loathly
 That you fhall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
 As Hymens Lamps fhall light you

Fer. As I hope.
 For quiet dayes, faire Iffue, and long life,
 With fuch loue, as 'tis now the murkiefte den,
 The moft opportune place, the ftrongft fuffegftion,
 Our worfer *Genius* can, fhall neuer melt
 Mine honor into luft, to take away
 The edge of that dayes celebration,
 When I fhall thinke, or *Phæbus* Steeds are founderd,
 Or Night kept chain'd below

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Cypress Trees and Cave.**Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

Prosper. **Y**Our fuit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.
Within this Cave he lies, and you may see him:

Pro. Fairely Ipoke;
 Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne ;
 What *Ariell*; my induftrious feruât *Ariell*.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. What would my potent mafter? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your laft feruice
 Did worthily performe: and I muft vie you
 In fuch another tricke: goe bring the rabble
 (Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
 Incite them to quicke motion, for I muft
 Beftow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
 Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promife,
 And they expect it from me.

Ar. Prefently?

Pro. I: with a twinkle.

Ar. Before you can fay come, and goe,
 And breathe twice; and cry, fo, fo:
 Each one tripping on his Toe,
 Will be here with mop, and mowe.
 Doe you loue me Mafter? no?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach
 Till thou do'ft heare me call.

Ar. Well: I conceiue.

Exit.

Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
 Too much the raigne: the ftrongeft oathes, are ftraw
 To th'fire ith' blood: be more abftenious,
 Or elfe good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
 The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart
 Abates the ardour of my Liuer.

Pro. Well.

Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,
 Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & pertly.
 No tongue: all eyes: be filent.

Soft musick.

Enter Iris.

Ir. *Ceres*, moft bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
 Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Peafe;
 Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibling Sheepe,
 And flat Medes thetched with Stouer, them to keepe:

Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
 Which spungie *Aprill*, at thy heft betrimis;
 To make cold Nymphes chaft crownes; & thy broome-groues;
 Whose shadow the difmissed Batchelor loues,
 Being laffe-lorne: thy pole-lipt vineyard,
 And thy Sea-marge stirrile, and rockey-hard,
 Where thou thy selfe do'ft ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
 Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.
 Bids thee leaue these, & with her souereigne grace,
 Here on this graffe-plot, in this very place
 To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
 Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine.

*Iuno descends.**Enter Ceres.*

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
 Do'ft disobey the wife of *Iupiter*:
 Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres,
 Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
 And with each end of thy blew bowe do'ft crowne
 My boskie acres, and my vnshrubd downe,
 Rich scraph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
 Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
 And some donation freely to estate
 On the bles'd Louers.

Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe,
 If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'ft know,
 Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot
 The meanes, that duskie *Dis*, my daughter got,
 Her, and her blind-Boyes scandald company,
 I haue forsworne.

Ir. Of her societie
 Be not afraid: I met her deitie
 Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
 Doue-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
 Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
 Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
 Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marses hot Minion is returnd againe,

Her waipifh headed fonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will fhoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a Boy right out.

Cer. Higheft Queene of State,
Great *Iuno* comes, I know her by her gate.

Iu. How do's my bounteous fifter? goe with me
To bleffe this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
And honourd in their Iffue.

They Sing.

*Iu. Honor, riches, marriage, bleffing,
Long continuance, and encreasing,
Howrely ioyes, be ftill vpon you,
Iuno fings her bleffings on you.
Earths increafe, foyzon plentie,
Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty.
Vines, with cluftering bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the fartheft,
In the very end of Harueft.
Scarcity and want fhall fhun you,
Ceres bleffing fo is on you.*

Fer. This is a moft maiefticke vifion, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To thinke thefe fpirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I haue from their confines call'd to enact
My prefent fancies.

Fer. Let me liue here euer,
So rare a wondred Father, and a wife
Makes this place Paradife.

Pro. Sweet now, filence:
Iuno and *Ceres* whifper ferioufly,
There's fomething elfe to doe: hufh, and be mute
Or elfe our fpell is mar'd.

Iuno and *Ceres* whifper, and fend *Iris* on employment.

Iris. You Nimphs cald Nayades of y^e windring brooks,
With your fedg'd crownes, and euer-harmelefse lookes,
Leaue your crispe channels, and on this greene-Land

Anfwere your fummons, *Iuno* do's command.
Come temperate *Nimphes*, and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.

Enter Certaine Nimphs.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day: your Rye-ftraw hats put on,
And thefe fresh *Nimphes* encounter euery one
In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with the Nimphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Prospero starts sodainly and speakes, after which to a strange hollow and confused noyse, they heauily vanish.

Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy
Of the beast *Calliban*, and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come: Well done, auoid: no more.

Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion
That workes him strongly.

Mir. Neuer till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mou'd fort,
As if you were difmaid: be cheerfull Sir,
Our Reuels now are ended: These our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the bafelesse fabricke of this vision
The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall diffolue,
And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a fleepe: Sir, I am vext,
Beare with my weaknesse, my old braine is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmitie,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,

And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke
To still my beating minde.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace.

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleave to, what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ar. I my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*

I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear'd
Leaft I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leaue these varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they smote the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For kissing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares,
Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noses
As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking goffe, & thorns,
Which entered their fraile shins: at last I left them
I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-ftunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)

Thy ihape inuifible retaine thou still:

The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither

For ftale to catch these theeues. *Ar.* I go, I goe.

Exit.

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose nature
Nurture can neuer sticke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And, as with age, his body ouglie growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell, loaden with glistering apparell, &c.

Enter

Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

St. Monster, your Fairy, w^e you say is a harmles Fairy. Has done little better then plaid the lacke with vs.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horfe-piffe, at which My nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should Take a displeafure againft you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou weret but a loft Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour still, Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly, All's hufht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to loofe our bottles in the Poole.

Ste. There is not onely difgrace and dishonor in that Monster, but an infinite loffe.

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting: Yet this is your harmleffe Fairy, Monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, Though I be o're eares for my labour.

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seeft thou heere This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noife, and enter! Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island Thine owne for euer, and I thy *Caliban* For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*, Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but traff.

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster: wee know what belongs to a frippery, O King *Stephano*.

Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile haue that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace shall haue it.

Cal. The dropie drowne this foole, what doe you meane To doate thus on fuch luggage? let's alone And doe the murther firft: if he awake,

From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,
Make vs ftrange ftuffe.

Ste. Be you quiet (Monfter) Miftris line, is not this my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin you are like to lofe your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we fteale by lyne and leuell, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that ieft; heer's a garment for't:
Wit fhall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent paffe of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monfter, come put fome Lime vpon your fingers, and away with the reft.

Cal. I will haue none on't: we fhall loofe our time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monfter, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noyfe of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in fhape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey.

Ari. Siluers there it goes, Siluer.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.
Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts
With dry Convultions, fhorten vp their finewes
With aged Cramps, & more pinch-fpotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o'Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted foundly: At this houre
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly fhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little
Follow, and doe me feruice.

Exeunt.

But yet take heed; let Prudence be your Guide;
 You must not tarry, your visit must be short.
 One thing I had forgot; insinuate into his mind
 A kindness to that Youth, whom first you saw;
 I would have friendship grow betwixt 'em.

[*She's going.*]

Mir. You shall be obey'd in all things.

Prosper. Be earnest to unite their very souls.

Mir. I shall endeavour it.

Prosper. This may secure *Hippolyto* from that dark danger which my Art forebodes; for friendship does provide a double strength t' oppose the assaults of fortune.

[*Exit Prospero.*]

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. To be a Pris'ner where I dearly love, is but a double tye, a Link of Fortune joyn'd to the Chain of Love; but not to see her, and yet to be so near her, there's the hardship: I feel my self as on a Rack, stretch'd out, and nigh the ground, on which I might have ease, yet cannot reach it.

Mir. Sir! my Lord! where are you?

Ferd. It is your voice, my Love? or do I dream?

Mir. Speak softly, it is I.

Ferd. O heavenly Creature! ten times more gentle than your Father's cruel, how, on a sudden, all my griefs are vanish'd!

Mir. How do you bear your prison?

Ferd. 'Tis my palace while you are here, and love and silence wait upon our wishes; do but think we chuse it, and 'tis what we would chuse.

Mir. I'm sure what I would.

But how can I be certain that you love me?
 Look to't; for I will die when you are false.
 I've heard my Father tell of Maids who dy'd
 And haunted their false Lovers with their Ghosts.

Ferd. Your Ghost must take another form to fright me,
 This shape will be too pleasing; do I love you?
 O Heaven! O Earth! bear witness to this sound,
 If I prove false——

Mir. Oh hold, you shall not swear;
 For Heav'n will hate you if you prove forsworn.

Ferd. Did I not love, I could no more endure this undeserv'd captivity,
 than I could wish to gain my freedom with the loss of you.

Mir. I am a fool to weep at what I'm glad of: but I have a fuit to you, and that, Sir, shall be now the onely trial of your love.

Ferd. Y've faid enough, never to be deny'd, were it my life; for you have far o'rbid the price of all that humane life is worth.

Mir. Sir, 'tis to love one for my fake, who for his own deserves all the respect which you can ever pay him.

Ferd. You mean your Father: do not think his usage can make me hate him; when he gave you being, he then did that which cancell'd all these wrongs.

Mir. I meant not him, for that was a request, which if you love, I should not need to urge.

Ferd. Is there another whom I ought to love?
And love him for your fake?

Mir. Yes such a one, who, for, his sweetness and his goodly shape, (if I who am unskill'd in forms, may judge) I think can scarce be equall'd: 'Tis a Youth, a Stranger too as you are.

Ferd. Of such a gracefull feature, and must I for your fake love?

Mir. Yes, Sir, do you scruple to grant the first request I ever made? he's wholly unacquainted with the world, and wants your conversation. You should have compassion on so meer a stranger.

Ferd. Those need compassion whom you discommend, not whom you praise.

Mir. Come, you must love him for my fake: you shall.

Ferd. Must I for yours, and cannot for my own?
Either you do not love, or think that I do not:
But when you bid me love him I must hate him.

Mir. Have I so far offended you already,
That he offends you onely for my fake?
Yet sure you would not hate him, if you saw
Him as I have done, of full of youth and beauty.

Ferd. O poison to my hopes! [*Aside.*
When he did visit me, and I did mention this
Beauteous Creature to him, he did then tell me
He would have her.

Mir. Alas, what mean you?

Ferd. It is too plain: like most of her frail Sex, she's false,
But has not learn't the art to hide it;

Nature has done her Part, she loves variety;
 Why did I think that any Woman could be innocent,
 Because she's young; No, no, their Nurfes teach them
 Change, when with two Nipples they divide their
 Liking.

Mir. I fear I have offended you, and yet I meant no harm;
 But if you please to hear me—— [A noise within.
 Hark, Sir! now I am sure my Father comes, I know
 His steps; dear Love, retire a while, I fear
 I've staid too long.

Ferd. Too long indeed and yet not long enough: Oh jealousy!
 Oh Love! how you distract me? [Exit Ferdinand.

Mir. He appears displeas'd with that young man, I know
 Not why; but, till I find from whence his hate proceeds,
 I must conceal it from my Father's knowledge,
 For he will think that guiltless I have caus'd it;
 And suffer me no more to see my Love. [Enter Prospero.

Prosop. Now I have been indulgent to your wish,
 You have seen the Prisoner.

Mir. Yes.

Prosop. And he spake to you?

Mir. He spake; but he receiv'd short answers from me.

Prosop. How like you his converse?

Mir. At second sight

A man does not appear so rare a Creature.

Prosop. aside. I find she loves him much because she hides it.
 Love teaches cunning even to innocence. Well go in.

Mir. aside. Forgive me, truth, for thus disguising thee; if I can make
 him think I do not love the stranger much, he'll let me see him oftner.

[Exit Miranda.

Prosop. Stay! stay—— I had forgot to ask her what she has said
 Of young *Hippolyto*; Oh! here he comes! and with him

My *Dorinda*. I'll not be seen, let [Ent. Hippolyto and Dorinda.

Their loves grow in secret. [Exit Prospero.

Hip. But why are you so sad?

Dor. But why are you so joyfull?

Hip. I have within me all, all the various Musick of

The Woods : Since last I saw you, I have heard brave news !
I'll tell you, and make you joyful for me.

Dor. Sir, when I saw you first, I through my eyes, drew
Something in, I know not what it is ;
But still it entertains me with such thoughts,
As makes me doubtful whether joy becomes me.

Hip. Pray believe me ;
As I'm a man, I'll tell you blessed news,
I have heard there are more Women in the World,
As fair as you are too.

Dor. Is this your news? you see it moves not me.

Hip. And I'll have 'em all.

Dor. What will become of me then?

Hip. I'll have you too.

But are not you acquainted with these Women?

Dor. I never saw but one.

Hip. Is there but one here?

This is a base poor world, I'll go to th' other ;

I've heard men have abundance of 'em there.

But pray where is that one Woman?

Dor. Who, my Sister?

Hip. Is she your Sister? I'm glad o' that: you shall help me to her, and
I'll love you for 't. *[Offers to take her hand.]*

Dor. Away! I will not have you touch my hand.

My Father's counsel which enjoyn'd reservedness, *[Aside.]*

Was not in vain, I see.

Hip. What makes you shun me?

Dor. You need not care, you'll have my Sister's hand.

Hip. Why, must not he who touches hers, touch yours?

Dor. You mean to love her too.

Hip. Do not you love her?

Then why should not I do so?

Dor. She is my Sister, and therefore I must love her :

But you cannot love both of us.

Hip. I warrant you I can.

Oh that you had more Sisters !

Dor. You may love her, but then I'll not love you.

Hip. O but you muft;

One is enough for you, but not for me.

Dor. My Sifter told me ſhe had ſeen another;

A man like you, and ſhe lik'd onely him;

Therefore if one muft be enough for her,

He is that one, and then you cannot have her.

Hip. If ſhe like him ſhe may like both of us.

Dor. But how if I ſhould change and like that man?

Would you be willing to permit that change?

Hip. No, for you lik'd me firſt.

Dor. So you did me.

Hip. But I would never have you ſee that man;

I cannot bear it.

Dor. I'll ſee neither of you.

Hip. Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted;

But he's the man of whom your Father warn'd you:

O! he's a terrible, huge, monſtrous creature,

I am but a Woman to him.

Dor. I will ſee him.

Except you'll promiſe not to ſee my Sifter.

Hip. Yes, for your ſake I muſt needs ſee your Sifter.

Dor. But ſhe's a terrible, huge creature too; if I were not Her Sifter, ſhe would eat me; therefore take heed.

Hip. I heard that ſhe was fair, and like you,

Dor. No, indeed, ſhe's like my Father, with a great Beard,

'Twould fright you to look on her,

Therefore that man and ſhe may go together,

They are fit for nobody, but one another.

Hip. looking in. Yonder he comes with glaring eyes, fly! fly! before he ſees you.

Dor. Muſt we part ſo ſoon?

Hip. Y'are a loft women if you ſee him.

Dor. I would not willingly be loſt, for fear you

Should not find me. I'll avoid him.

[*Exit Dorinda.*]

Hip. She ſain would have deceived me, but I knew her Sifter muſt be fair, for ſhe's a Woman;

All of a kind that I have ſeen are like to one

Another : all the Creatures of the Rivers and
The Woods are fo.

[*Enter Ferdinand.*]

Ferd. O ! well encounter'd you are the happy man !

Y'have got the hearts of both the beauteous Women.

Hip. How ! Sir ? pray, are you fure on't ?

Ferd. One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her fake.

Hip. Then I muft have her.

Ferd. No, not till I am dead.

Hip. How dead ? what's that ? but whatfoe'r it be,
I long to have her.

Ferd. Time and my grief may make me die.

Hip. But for a friend you fhould make haite ; I ne'r ask'd
Anything of you before

Ferd. I fee your ignorance ;

And therefore will intruct you in my meaning.

The Woman, whom I love, faw you, and lov'd you.

Now, Sir, if you love her, you'l caufe my death.

Hip. Be fure I'l do it then.

Ferd. But I am your friend ;

And I request you that you would not love her.

Hip. When friends request unreafonable things,
Sure th' are to be deny'd : you fay fhe's fair,
And I must love all who are fair ; for to tell
You a fecret, Sir, which I have lately found
Within my felf ; they're all made for me.

Ferd. That's but a fond conceit : you are made for one
And one for you.

Hip. You cannot tell me, Sir,
I know I'm made for twenty hundred Women.
(I mean if there fo many be i' th' world)
So that if once I fee her, I fhall love her.

Ferd. Then do not fee her.

Hip. Yes, Sir, I muft fee her.

For I wou'd fain have my heart beat again,
Juft as it did when I firft faw her Sifter.

Ferd. I find I muft not let you fee her then.

Hip. How will you hinder me ?

Ferd. By force of Arms.

Hip. By force of Arms?

My Arms perhaps may be as strong as yours.

Ferd. He's still so ignorant that I pity him, and fain
Would avoid force: pray do not see her, she was
Mine first; you have no right to her.

Hip. I have not yet consider'd what is right, but, Sir,
I know my inclinations are to love all Women:
And I have been taught, that to dissemble what I
Think, is base. In honour then of truth, I must
Declare that I do love, and I will see your Woman.

Ferd. Wou'd you be willing I should see and love your
Woman, and endeavour to seduce her from that
Affection which she vow'd to you?

Hip. I wou'd not you should do it, but if she should
Love you best, I cannot hinder her.
But, Sir, for fear she shou'd, I will provide against
The worst, and try to get your Woman.

Ferd. But I pretend no claim at all to yours;
Besides you are more beautiful than I,
And fitter to allure unpractis'd hearts.
Therefore I once more beg you will not see her.

Hip. I'm glad you let me know I have such beauty,
If that will get me Women, they shall have it
As far as e'r 'twill go: I'll never want 'em.

Ferd. Then since you have refus'd this act of friendship,
Provide your self a sword, for we must fight.

Hip. A Sword, what's that?

Ferd. Why such a thing as this.

Hip. What should I do with it?

Ferd. You must stand thus, and push against me,
While I push at you, till one of us fall dead.

Hip. This is brave sport;
But we have no Swords growing in our world.

Ferd. What shall we do then to decide our quarrel?

Hip. We'll take the Sword by turns, and fight with it.

Ferd. Strange ignorance! you must defend your life,

And so must I: but since you have no Sward,
 Take this; for in a corner of my Cave [Gives him his sword.
 I found a rusty one; perhaps 'twas his who keeps
 Me Pris'ner here: that I will fit:

When next we meet, prepare your self to fight.

Hip. Make haft then, this shall ne'r be yours agen.
 I mean to fight with all the men I meet, and
 When they are dead, their Women shall be mine.

Ferd. I see you are unskilful; I desire not to take
 Your life, but, if you please, we'll fight on
 These conditions; He who first draws blood,
 Or who can take the others Weapon from him,
 Shall be acknowledg'd as the Conquerour,
 And both the women shall be his.

Hip. Agreed,
 And ev'ry day I'll fight for two more with you.

Ferd. But win these first.

Hip. I'll warrant you I'll push you. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE II. *The Wild Island.*

Enter Trincalo, Caliban, Sycorax.

Calib. My Lord, I see 'em coming yonder.

Trinc. Whom?

Calib. The starv'd Prince, and his two thirfty Subjects,
 That would have our Liquor.

Trinc. If thou wert a Monster of parts, I would make thee
 My Master of Ceremonies, to conduct 'em in.
 The Devil take all Dunces, thou hast lost a brave
 Employment by not being a Linguist, and for want
 Of behaviour.

Syc. My Lord, shall I go meet 'em? I'll be kind to all of 'em,
 Just as I am to thee.

Trinc. No, that's against the fundamental Laws of my Dukedom: you
 are in a high place, Spoufe, and must give good Example. Here they come,
 we'll put on the gravity of Statesmen, and be very dull, that we may be held
 wife.



Enter Stephano, Ventoso, Mustacho.

Vent. Duke *Trincalo*, we have confider'd.

Trinc. Peace or War?

Must. Peace, and the Butt.

Steph. I come now as a private perfon, and promise to live peaceably under your Government.

Trinc. You fhall enjoy the benefits of Peace; and the firft fruits of it, amongst all Civil Nations, is to be drunk for joy: *Caliban*, fink about.

Steph. I long to have a Rowfe to her Graces health, and to the *Hauufe in Kelder*, or rather Haddock in *Kelder*, for I guefs it will be half Fifh. [*Aside*

Trinc. Subject *Stephano*, here's to thee; and let old quarrels be drown'd in this draught. [*Drinks.*

Steph. Great Magiftrate, here's thy Sifter's health to thee.

[*Drinks to Caliban.*

Syc. He fhall not drink of that immortal Liquor,
My Lord, let him drink Water.

Trinc. O Sweet-heart, you muft not fhame your felf to day.
Gentlemen Subjects, pray bear with her good Hufwifry:
She wants a little breeding, but fhe's hearty.

Must. *Ventoso*, here's to thee. Is it not better to pierce the Butt, than to quarrel and pierce one another's bellies?

Vent. Let it come, Boy.

Trinc. Now wou'd I lay greatness afide, and fhake my heels, if I had but Mufick.

Calib. O my Lord! my Mother left us in her Will a hundred Spirits to attend us, Devils of all forts, fome great roaring Devils, and fome little finging Sprights.

Syc. Shall we call? and thou fhalt hear them in the air.

Trinc. I accept the motion: let us have our Mother-in-law's Legacy immediately.

Calib fings. *We want Mufick, we want Mirth,
Up, Dam, and cleave the Earth:
We have now no Lords that wrong us,
Send thy merry fprights among us.*

Trinc. What a merry Tyrant am I, to have my Mufick, and pay nothing for't?

[A Table rises, and four Spirits with Wine and Meat enter, placing it, as they dance, on the Tables The Dance ended, the Bottles vanish, and the Table sinks agen.]

Vent. The Bottle's drunk.

Must. Then the Bottle's a weak fhallow fellow, if it be drunk firft.

Trinc. *Stephano*, give me thy hand,

Thou haft been a Rebel, but here's to thee:

[Drinks.]

Prithee why fhould we quarrel? fhall I fwear

Two Oaths? By Bottle, and by Butt I love thee:

In witnefs whereof I drink foundly.

Steph. Your Grace fhall find there's no love loft,

For I will pledge you foundly.

Trinc. Thou haft been a falfe Rebel, but that's all one;

Pledge my Grace faithfully.

Trinc. *Caliban*,

Go to the Butt, and tell me how it founds:

Peer *Stephano*, doft thou love me?

Steph. I love your Grace, and all your Princely Family.

Trinc. 'Tis no matter if thou lov'ft me; hang my Family.

Thou art my friend, prithee tell me what

Thou think'ft of my Princefs?

Steph. I look on her, as on a very noble Princefs.

Trinc. Noble? indeed fhe had a Witch to her Mother, and the Witches are of great Families in *Lapland*, but the Devil was her Father, and I have heard of the Mounfor *De Viles* in *France*; but look on her beauty, is fhe a fit wife for Duke *Trincalo*? mark her behaviour too, fhee's tipling yonder with the Serving-men.

Steph. An't please your Grace, fhe's fomewhat homely, but that's no blemifh in a Princefs. She is virtuous.

Trinc. Umph! virtuous! I am loth to difparage her; But thou art my friend, canft thou be clofe?

Steph. As a ftopt bottle, an't please your Grace.

[Enter Caliban agen with a bottle.]

Trinc. Why then I'll tell thee, I found her an hour ago under an Elder-tree, upon a fweet Bed of Nettles, finging *Tory*, *Rory*, and *Ranthum*, *Scanthum*, with her own Natural Brother.

Steph. O Jew! make love in her own Tribe?

Trinc. But 'tis no matter, to tell thee true, I marri'd her to be a great man, and fo forth : but make no words on't, for I care not who knows it, and fo here's to thee agen, give me the Bottle, *Caliban!* did you knock the Butt? how does it found?

Calib. It founds as though it had a noife within.

Trinc. I fear the Butt begins to rattle in the throat and is departing, give me the Bottle. [*Drinks.*

Muft. A fhort life and a merry, I fay. [*Steph. whispers* Sycorax.

Syc. But did he tell you fo?

Steph. He faid you were as ugly as your Mother, and that he Marri'd you onely to get poffeffion of the Island.

Syc. My Mothers Devils fetch him for't.

Steph. And your Father's too, *hem!* flink about his Graces health agen. O if you will but caft an eye of pity upon me ———

Syc. I will caft two eyes of pity on thee, I love thee more than Haws, or Black-berries, I have a hoard of Wildings in the Mofs, my Brother knows not of 'em; but I'll bring thee where they are.

Steph. *Trincalo* was but my Man when time was.

Syc. Wert thou his God, and didft thou give him Liquor?

Steph. I gave him Brandy, and drunk Sack my felf; wilt thou leave him, and thou fhalt be my Princefs?

Syc. If thou canft make me glad with this Liquor.

Steph. I'll warrant thee we'll ride into the Countrey where it grows.

Syc. How wilt thou carry me thither?

Steph. Upon a Hackney-Devil of thy Mothers.

Trinc. What's that you will do? hah! I hope you have not betray'd me? how does my Pigs nye? [*To Sycorax.*

Syc. Be gone! thou fhalt not be my Lord, thou fay'ft I'm ugly.

Trinc. Did you tell her fo—hah! he's a Rogue, do not believe him, Chuck.

Steph. The foul words were yours: I will not eat 'em for you.

Trinc. I fee if once a Rebel, then ever a Rebel. Did I receive thee into Grace for this? I will correct thee with my Royal Hand. [*Strikes Stephano.*

Syc. Doft thou hurt my Love? [*Flies at Trincalo.*

Trinc. Where are our Guards? Treafon! Treafon!

[*Vent. Muft. Calib. run betwixt.*

Vent. Who took up Arms firft, the Prince or the people?

Trinc. This false Traitor has corrupted the Wife of my bosom.

[*Whispers* *Muflacho* *hastily.*]

Mustacho, flrike on my fide, and thou fhalt be my Vice-Roy.

Muft. I'm againft Rebels! *Ventofo*, obey your Vice-Roy.

Vent. You a Vice-Roy?

[*They two fight off from the reft.*]

Steph. Hah! Heftor Monfter! do you ftand neuter?

Calib. Thou would'ft drink my Liquor, I will not help thee.

Syc. 'Twas his doing that I had fuch a Husband, but I'll claw him.

[*Syc. and Calib. fight, Syc beating him off the ftage.*]

Trinc. The whole Nation is up in arms, and fhall I ftand idle?

[*Trincalo beats off Stephano to the door. Exit Stephano.*]

I'll not purfue too far,

For fear the Enemy fhould rally agen, and furprife my Butt in the Cittadel; well, I muft be rid of my Lady *Trincalo*, fhe will be in the fafhion elfe; firft Cuckold her Husband, and then fue for a feparation, to get Alimony. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *The Cyprefs-trees and Cave.*

Enter Ferdinand, Hippolyto, (with their fwords drawn.)

Ferd. Come, Sir, our Cave affords no choice of place,

But the ground's firm and even: are you ready?

Hip. As ready as your felf, Sir.

Ferd. You remember on what conditions we muft fight?

Who firft receives a wound is to fubmit.

Hip. Come, come, this lofes time; now for the

Women, Sir.

[*They fight a little, Ferdinand hurts him.*]

Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.

Hip. No.

Ferd. Believe your bloud.

Hip. I feel no hurt, no matter for my bloud.

Ferd. Remember our Conditions.

Hip. I'll not leave, till my Sword hits you too.

[*Hip. preffes on, Ferd, retires and wards.*]

Ferd. I'm loth to kill you, you are unskilful, Sir.

Hip. You beat afide my Sword, but let it come as near As yours, and you fhall fee my fkill.

Ferd. You faint for lofs of bloud, I fee you ftagger, Pray, Sir, retire.

Hip. No! I will ne'r go back ——

Methinks the Cave turns round, I cannot find ——

Ferd. Your eyes begin to dazle.

Hip. Why do you swim fo, and dance about me?

Stand but still till I have made one thrust.

[*Hippolyto thrusts and falls.*]

Ferd. O help, help, help!

Unhappy man! what have I done?

Hip. I'm going to a cold sleep, but when I wake,

I'll fight agen. Pray stay for me.

Swounds.

Ferd. He's gone! he's gone! O stay, sweet lovely Youth!

Help! Help!

Enter Prospero.

Prospero. What dismal noise is that?

Ferd. O fee, Sir, fee!

What mischief my unhappy hand has wrought.

Prospero. Alas! how much in vain doth feeble Art endeavour

To resist the will of Heaven?

[*Rubs Hippolyto.*]

He's gone for ever; O thou cruel Son of an

Inhumane Father! all my designs are ruin'd

And unravell'd by this blow.

No pleasure now is left me but revenge.

Ferd. Sir, if you knew my innocence ——

Prospero. Peace, peace,

Can thy excuses give me back his life?

What *Ariel*? fluggish Spirit, where art thou?

[*Enter Ariel.*]

Ariel. Here, at thy beck, my Lord.

Prospero. I, now thou com'ft, when Fate is past and not to be

Recall'd. Look there, and glut the malice of

Thy nature, for as thou art thyself, thou

Canst not but be glad to see young Virtue

Nipt i'th' Bloffom.

Ariel. My Lord, the *Being* high above can witness

I am not glad; we Airy Spirits are not of a temper

So malicious as the Earthy,

But of a Nature more approaching good.

For which we meet in swarms, and often combat

Between the Confines of the Air and Earth.

Prosp. Why did'st thou not prevent, at least foretell,
This fatal action then?

Ariel. Pardon, great Sir,
I meant to do it, but I was forbidden
By the ill Genius of *Hippolyto*,
Who came and threaten'd me, if I disclos 'dit,
To bind me in the bottom of the Sea,
Far from the light some Regions of the Air,
(My Native fields) above a hundred years.

Prosp. I'll chain thee in the North for thy neglect;
Within the burning bowels of Mount *Heila*;
I'll fling thy airy wings with sulph'rous flames,
And choak thy tender nostrils with blew smoak,
At ev'ry Hick-up of the belching Mountain,
Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh air,
And then fall down agen.

Ariel. Pardon, dread Lord.

Prosp. No more of pardon than just Heav'n intends thee
Shalt thou e'r find from me: hence! fly with speed,
Unbind the Charms which hold this Murderer's
Father, and bring him, with my Brother, freight
Before me.

Aiel. Mercy, my potent Lord, and I'll outfly thy thought.

[*Exit Ariel.*

Ferd. O Heavens! what words are those I heard?
Yet cannot see who spoke 'em: sure the Woman
Whom I lov'd was like this, some airy Vision.

Prosp. No Murderer, she's, like thee, of mortal mould,
But much too pure to mix with thy black Crimes;
Yet she had faults, and must be punish'd for 'em.

Miranda and Dorinda! where are ye?

The will of Heaven's accomplish'd: I have
Now no more to fear, and nothing left to hope,
Now you may enter.

[*Enter Miranda and Dorinda.*

Mir. My Love! is it permitted me to see you once agen?

Prosp. You come to look your last; I will
For ever take him from your eyes.

But, on my blessing, I speak not, nor approach him.

Dor. Pray, Father, is not this my Sister's Man?
He has a noble form; but yet he's not so excellent
As my *Hippolyto*.

Prospero. Alas, poor Girl, thou hast no Man: look yonder;
There's all of him that's left.

Dor. Why, was there ever any more of him?
He lies asleep, Sir, shall I waken him?

[*She kneels by Hippolyto, and jogs him.*]

Ferd. Alas! he's never to be wak'd agen.

Dor. My Love, my Love! will you not speak to me?
I fear you have displeas'd him, Sir, and now
He will not answer me, he's dumb and cold too;
But I'll run streight, and make a fire to warm him.

[*Exit Dorinda running.*]

Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Antonio. Ariel (invisible.)

Alonz. Never were Beafts so hunted into Toils,
As we have been purfu'd by dreadful shapes.
But is not that my Son? O *Ferdinand*!
If thou art not a Ghost, let me embrace thee.

Ferd. My Father! O finifter happiness! Is it
Decreed I should recover you alive, just in that
Fatal hour when this brave Youth is lost in Death
And by my hand?

Ant. Heaven! what new wonder's this?

Gonz. This Isle is full of nothing else.

Prospero. You stare upon me as
You ne'er had seen me; have fifteen years
So lost me to your knowledge, that you retain
No memory of *Prospero*?

Gonz. The good old Duke of *Millain*!

Prospero. I wonder less, that thou, *Antonio*, know'ft me not,
Because thou didst long since forget I was thy Brother,
Else I never had been here.

Ant. Shame choaks my words.

Alonz. And wonder mine.

Prospero. For you, usurping Prince.

[*To Alonzo.*]

Know, by my Art, you were shipwrack'd on this Isle,
Where, after I a while had punish'd you, my vengeance
Wou'd have ended, I design'd to match that Son
Of yours, with this my Daughter.

Alonz. Pursue it still, I am most willing to 't.

Prosp. So am not I. No marriages can prosper
Which are with Murderers made; Look on that Corps,
This, whilst he liv'd, was young *Hipolyto*, that
Infant Duke of *Mantua*, Sir, whom you expos'd
With me; and here I bred him up, till that bloud-thirsty
Man, that *Ferdinand*——

But why do I exclaim on him, when Justice calls
To unheath her Sword against his guilt?

Alonz. What do you mean?

Prosp. To execute Heaven's Laws.

Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
Though you have dispossest me of my *Millain*.
Bloud calls for bloud; your *Ferdinand* shall die,
And I, in bitterness, have sent for you,
To have the sudden joy of seeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to see him die.

Alonz. And think't thou I, or these will tamely stand,

To view the Execution? [Lays hand upon his sword.]

Ferd. Hold, dear Father! I cannot suffer you

T'attempt against his life, who gave her being
Whom I love.

Prosp. Nay then appear my Guards——I thought no more to Use their
aid; (I'm curs'd because I us'd it)

[He stamps and many spirits appear.]

But they are now the Ministers of Heaven,
Whilst I revenge this Murder.

Alonz. Have I for this found thee, my Son, so soon agen,
To lose thee? *Antonio, Gonzalo*, speak for pity.

Ferd. to Mir. Adieu, my fairest Mistris.

Mir. Now I can hold no longer; I must speak.
Though I am loth to disobey you, Sir,
Be not so cruel to the Man I love,

Or be so kind to let me suffer with him.

Ferd. Recall that Pray'r, or I shall wish to live.

Though death be all the amends that I can make.

Prosp. This night I will allow you, *Ferdinand*, to fit
You for your death, that Cave's your Prison.

Alonz. Ah, *Prospero!* hear me speak. You are a Father,
Look on my Age, and look upon his Youth.

Prosp. No more! all you can say is urg'd in vain,
I have no room for pity left within me.

Do you refuse? help, *Ariel*, with your Fellows
To drive 'em in; *Alonzo* and his Son bestow in
Yonder Cave, and here *Gonzalo* shall with

Antonio lodge.

[*Spirits drive 'em in, as they are appointed.*

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Sir, I have made a fire, shall be warm'd?

Prosp. He's dead, and vital warmth will ne'r return.

Dor. Dead, Sir, what's that?

Prosp. His Soul has left his Body.

Dor. When will it come agin?

Prosp. O never, never!

He must be laid in Earth, and there consume.

Dor. He shall not lie in Earth, you do not know
How well he loves me: indeed he'll come agen;
He told me he would go a little while,
But promis'd me he would not tarry long.

Prosp. He's murder'd by the man who lov'd your Sister.

Now both of you may see what 'tis to break
A Father's Precept; you would needs see men, and by
That fight are made for ever wretched.

Hippolyto is dead, and *Ferdinand* must die
For murdering him.

Mir. Have you no pity?

Prosp. Your disobedience has so much incens'd me, that
I this night can leave no blessing with you.
Help to convey the Body to my Couch,
Then leave me to mourn over it alone.

[*They bear off the Body of Hippolyto.*

Enter Miranda and Dorinda again. Ariel behind 'em.

Ariel. I've been so chid for my neglect by *Prospero*.

That I must now watch all, and be unseen.

Mir. Sister, I say agen, 'twas long of you
That all this mischief happen'd.

Dor. Blame not me for your own fault, your
Curiosity brought me to see the Man.

Mir. You safely might have seen him, and retir'd, but
You wou'd needs go near him, and converse, you may
Remember my Father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.

Dor. That was your envy, Sister, not your love;
You call'd me thence, because you could not be
Alone with him your self; but I am sure my
Man had never gone to Heaven so soon, but
That yours made him go.

[*Crying.*]

Mir. Sister, I could not wish that either of 'em shou'd
Go to Heaven without us, but it was his fortune,
And you must be satisfi'd?

Dor. I'll not be satisfi'd: my Father says he'll make
Your Man as cold as mine is now, and when he
Is made cold, my Father will not let you strive
To make him warm agen.

Mir. In spite of you mine never shall be cold.

Dor. I'm sure 'twas he that made me miserable,
And I will be reveng'd. Perhaps you think 'tis
Nothing to lose a Man.

Mir. Yes, but there is some difference betwixt
My *Ferdinand*, and your *Hippolyto*.

Dor. I, there's your judgment. Your's is the oldest
Man I ever saw, except it were my Father.

Mir. Sister, no more. It is not comely in a Daughter,
When she says her Father's old.

Dor. But why do I stay here, whilst my cold Love
Perhaps may want me?

I'll pray my Father to make yours cold too.

Mir. Sister, I'll never sleep with you agen.

Dor. I'll never more meet in a Bed with you,

Actus quintus: Scæna Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head:
My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time
Goes vpriight with his carriage: how's the day?

Ar. On the fixt hower, at which time, my Lord
You said our worke should cease.

But lodge on the ground, and watch my Love.

Mir. And at the entrance of that Cave I'll lie,
And echo to each blast of wind a sigh.

[Exeunt severally, looking discontentedly on one another.]

Ariel. Harsh discord reigns throughout this fatal Isle,
At which good Angels mourn, ill spirits smile;
Old *Prospero* by his Daughters robb'd of rest,
Has in displeasure left 'em both unblest.
Unkindly they abjure each others bed,
To save the living, and revenge the dead.

Alonso and his Son are pris'ners made,
And good *Gonzalo* does their crimes upbraid.

Antonio and *Gonzalo* disagree,
And wou'd, though in one Cave, at distance be.
The Seamen all the curst Wine have spent,
Which still renew'd their thrift of Government;
And wanting subjects for the food of Pow'r,
Each wou'd to rule alone the rest devour.
The Monsters *Sycorax* and *Caliban*,
More monstrous grow by passions learn'd from man.
Even I not fram'd of warning Elements,
Partake and suffer in these discontents.
Why shou'd a Mortal by Enchantments hold
In Chains a Spirit of Aethereal mold?
Accursed Magick we our selves have taught,
And our own pow'r has our subjection wrought!

[Exit.]

ACT V.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. **Y**ou beg in vain; I cannot pardon him,
He has offended Heaven.

Mir. Then let Heaven punish him.

Pros. It will by me.

Mir. Grant him at least some respite for my sake.

Pros. I by deferring Justice should incense the Deity
Against my self and you.

Pro. I did fay fo,
When firft I rais'd the Tempeft: fay my Spirit,
How fares the King, and's followers?

Ar. Confin'd together
In the fame fafhion, as you gaue in charge,
Luft as you left them; all prifoners Sir
In the Line-groue which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot boudge till your releafe: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three diftracted,
And the remainder mourning ouer them,
Brim full of forrow, and difmay: but chiefly
Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzallo*,
His tearse runs downe his beard like winters drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm fo ftrongly work's 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Doft thou thinke fo, Spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine fhall.

Haft thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and fhall not my felfe,
One of their kinde, that rellifh all as fharpely,
Paffion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art?
Thogh with their high wrongs I am ftrook to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reafon, gainft my furie
Doe I take part: the rarer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The foie drift of my purpofe doth extend
Not a frowne further: Goe, releafe them *Ariell*,
My Charmes Ile breake, their fences Ile reftore,
And they fhall be themfelues.

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir.

Exit.

Pro. Ye Elues of hils, brooks, ftading lakes & groues,
And ye, that on the fands with printleffe foote
Doe chafe the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him
When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that
By Moone-fhine doe the greene fowre Ringlets make,

Mir. Yet I have heard you fay, The Powers above are flow
In punifhing, and thou'd not you refemble them ?

Profp. The Argument is weak, but I want time
To let you fee your errors ; retire, and if you love him,
Pray for him.

[*He's going.*

Mir. And can you be his Judge and Executioner ?

Profp. I cannot force *Gonzalo* or my Brother, much
Lefs the Father to deftroy the Son ; it muft
Be then the Monfter *Caliban*, and he's not here ;
But *Ariel* ftraight fhall fetch him.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. My Potent Lord, before thou call'ft, I come,
To ferve thy will.

Profp. Then, Spirit, fetch me here my falvage Slave.

Ariel. My Lord, it does not need.

Profp. Art thou then prone to mifchief, wilt thou be thy felf the Execu-
tioner ?

Ariel. Think better of thy Aiery Minifter, who,
For thy fake, unbidden, this night has flown
O'r almoft all the habitable World.

Profp. But to who purpofe was all thy diligence ?

Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty Lord for my
Neglect of young *Hippolyto*, I went to view
His Body, and foon found his Soul was but retir'd,
Not fally'd out : then I collected
The beft of Simples underneath the Moon,
The beft of Balms, and to the wound apply'd
The healing juice of vulnerary Herbs.
His onely danger was his lofs of bloud, but now
He's wak'd, my Lord, and juft this hour
He muft be drefs'd again, as I have done it.
Anoint the Sword which pierc'd him with this
Weapon-Salve, and wrap it clofe from Air till
I have time to vifit him agen.

Profp. Thou art my faithful Servant,
It fhall be done, be at your task, *Miranda*, becaufe your

Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime
 Is to make midnight-Muffhrumps, that reioyce
 To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde
 (Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd
 The Noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,
 And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder
 Haue I giuen fire, and rifted *Ioues* ftowt Oke
 With his owne Bolt: The strong baf's'd promontorie
 Haue I made fhake, and by the spurs pluckt vp
 The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command
 Haue wak'd their fleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
 By my fo potent Art. But this rough Magicke
 I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd
 Some heauenly Muficke (which euen now I do)
 To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that
 This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my staffe,
 Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
 And deeper then did euer Plummet found
 Ile drowne my booke.

Solemne muficke.

Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a franticke gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd: which Prospero obseruing, speaks.

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter,
 To an vnsetled fancie, Cure thy braines
 (Now vfeleffe) boile within thy skull: there stand
 For you are Spell-ftopt.
 Holy Gonzallo, Honourable man,
 Mine eyes ev'n fociable to the shew of thine
 Fall fellowly drops: The charme diffolues apace,
 And as the morning steales vpon the night
 (Melting the darkneffe) so their rising fences
 Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their cleerer reason. O good Gonzallo

Sifter is not present here, while I go visit your
 Dear *Ferdinand*, from whom I will a while conceal
 This news, that it may be more welcome.

Mir. I obey you, and with a double duty, Sir : for now
 You twice have given me life.

Prosper. My *Ariel*, follow me. [*Exeunt feverally.*

[*Hippolyto discover'd on a Couch, Dorinda by him.*

Dor. How do you find your self?

Hip. I'm somewhat cold, can you not draw me nearer
 To the Sun? I am too weak to walk.

Dor. My Love, I'll try.

[*She draws the chair nearer the Audience.*

I thought you never would have walk'd agen,
 They told me you were gone away to Heaven;
 Have you been there?

Hip. I know not where I was.

Dor. I will not leave till you promise me you
 Will not die agen.

Hip. Indeed I will not.

Dor. You must not go to Hea'ven, unless we go together;
 For I've heard my Father say, that we must strive
 To be each others guide, the way to it will else
 Be difficult, especially to those who are so young.
 But I much wonder what it is to die.

Hip. Sure 'tis to dream a kind of breathless sleep,
 When once the Soul's gone out.

Dor. What is the Soul?

Hip. A small blew thing, that runs about within us.

Dor. Then I have seen it in a frosty morning run
 Smoaking from my mouth.

Hip. But, dear *Dorinda*,
 What is become of him who fought with me?

Dor. O, I can tell you joyful news of him,
 My Father means to make him die to day,
 For what he did to you.

Hip. That must not be, my dear *Dorinda*; go and beg your Father, he
 may not die; it was my fault he hurt me,

My true perferuer, and a loyall Sir,
 To him thou follow'ft; I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word, and deede: Moft cruelly
 Did thou *Alonfo*, vfe me, and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a further in the Act,
 Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebastian*. Flefh, and blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
 Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian*
 (Whofe inward pinches therefore are moft ftrong)
 Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee,
 Vnnatural though thou art: Their vnderftanding
 Begins to fwell, and the approaching tide
 Will fhortly fill the reasonable fhore
 That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them
 That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariell*,
 Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
 I will difcafe me, and my felfe prefent
 As I was fometime *Millaine*: quickly Spirit,
 Thou fhalt ere long be free.

Ariell fings, and helps to attire him.

*Where the Bee fucks, there fuck I,
 In a Cowflips bell, I lie,
 There I cowch when Owles doe crie,
 On the Batts backe I doe flie
 after Sommer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily, fhall I liue now,
 Vnder the bloffom that hangs on the Bow.*

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell*: I fhall miffe
 Thee, but yet thou fhalt haue freedome: fo, fo, fo.
 To the Kings fhipe, inuifible as thou art,
 There fhalt thou finde the Marriners afleepe
 Vnder the Hatches: the Mafter and the Boat-fwaine
 Being awake, enforce them to this place;
 And prefently, I pre'thee.

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
 Or ere your pulfe twice beate.

Exit.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement

I urg'd him to it firft.

Dor. But if he live, he'll never leave killing you.

Hip. O no! I juft remember when I fell afleep, I heard Him calling me a great way off, and crying over me as You wou'd do; befides we have no caufe of quarrel now.

Dor. Pray how began your difference firft?

Hip. I fought with him for all the Women in the World.

Dor. That hurt you had was juftly fent from Heaven For wifhing to have any more but me.

Hip. Indeed I think it was, but I repent it: the fault Was onely in my bloud, for now 'tis gone, I find I do not love fo many.

Dor. In confidence of this, I'll beg my Father, that he May live; I'm glad the naughty bloud, that made You love fo many is gone out.

Hip. My dear, go quickly, left you come too late. [Exit Dor.]

Enter Miranda at the other door, with Hippolyto's sword wrapt up.

Hip. Who's this who looks fo fair and beautiful, as Nothing but *Dorinda* can furpafs her? O! I believe it is that Angel, Woman, Whom fhe calls Sifter.

Mir. Sir, I am fent hither to drefs your wound; How do you find your ftrength?

Hip. Fair Creature, I am faint with lofs of blood.

Mir. I'm forry for 't.

Hip. Indeed and fo am I, for if I had that bloud, I then Should find a great delight in loving you.

Mir. But, Sir, I am another's, and your love is given Already to my Sifter.

Hip. Yet I find that, if you please, I can love ftill a little.

Mir. I cannot be unconftant, nor fhould you.

Hip. O my wound pains me.

Mir. I am come to eafe you. [She unwraps the Sword.]

Hip. Alas! I feel the cold Air come to me, My wound fhoots worfe than ever.

[She wipes and anoints the Sword.]

Inhabits heere: some heauenly power guide vs
Out of this fearefull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King

The wronged Duke of *Millaine*, *Prospero*:
For more affurance that a liuing Prince
Do's now speake to thee, I embrace, thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alc. Where thou bee'ft he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
(As late I haue beene) I not know: thy Pulse
Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee,
Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madnesse held me: this must craue
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold *Prospero*
Be liuing, and he heere?

Pro. Firft, noble Friend,

Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be meafur'd, or confin'd.

Gonz. Whether this be,

Or be not, I'le not sweare.

Pro. You doe yet taste

Some subtleties o'th'Isle, that will not let you
Beleeue things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded
I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne vpon you
And iustifie you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The Diuell speakes in him:

Pro. No:

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgiue
Thy rankest fault; all of them: and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou must restore.

Mir. Does it still grieve you?

Hip. Now methinks there's something laid just upon it.

Mir. Do you find no ease.

Hip. Yes, yes, upon the sudden all the pain
Is leaving me: Sweet Heaven, how I am eas'd!

Enter Ferinand and Dorinda to them.

Ferd. (to Dor.) Madam, I must confess my life is yours, I owe it to your generosity.

Dor. I am o'rjoy'd my Father lets you live, and proud
Of my good fortune, that he gave your life to me.

Mir. How? gave his life to her!

Hip. Alas! I think she said so, and he said he ow'd it
To her generosity.

Ferd. But is not that your Sister with *Hippolyto*?

Dor. So kind already?

Ferd. I came to welcome life, and I have met the
Cruellest of deaths.

Hip. My dear *Dorinda* with another man?

Dor. Sister, what business have you here?

Mir. You see I dress *Hippolyto*.

Dor. You're very charitable to a Stranger.

Mir. You are not much behind in charity to beg a pardon
For a man, whom you scarce ever saw before.

Dor. Henceforward let your Surgery alone, for I had
Rather he should die, than you should cure his wound.

Mir. And I wish *Ferdinand* had dy'd before
He ow'd his life to your entreaty.

Ferd. (to Hip.) Sir, I'm glad you are so well recover'd, you
Keep your humour still to have all Women.

Hip. Not all, Sir, you except one of the number,
Your new Love there, *Dorinda*.

Mir. Ah *Ferdinand*! can you become inconstant?
If I must lose you, I had rather death should take
You from me, than you take your self.

Ferd. And if I might have chosen, I would have wish'd
That death from *Prospero*, and not this from you.

Alo. If thou beeſt *Proſpero*

Giue vs particulars of thy preferuation,
How thou haſt met vs heere, whom three howres ſince
Were wrackt vpon this ſhore? where I haue loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere ſonne *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

Alo. Irreparable is the loſſe, and patience
Saies, it is paſt her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke

You haue not fought her helpe, of whoſe ſoft grace
For the like loſſe, I haue her ſoueraigne aid,
And reſt my ſelfe content.

Alo. You the like loſſe?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and ſupportable
To make the deere loſſe, haue I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Haue loſt my daughter.

Alo. A daughter?

Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Naples*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wiſh
My ſelfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed
Where my ſonne lies: when did you loſe your daughter?

Pro. In this laſt Tempeſt. I perceiue theſe Lords
At this encounter doe ſo much admire,
That they deuoure their reaſon, and ſcarce thinke
Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are naturall breath: but howſoeu'r you haue
Beene iuſtled from your ſences, know for certain
That I am *Proſpero*, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Millaine*, who moſt ſtrangely
Vpon this ſhore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-faſt, nor
Beſtting this firſt meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,

Dor. I now I find why I was fent away,
That you might have my Sifters company.

Hip. Dorinda, kill me not with your unkindnefs,
This is too much firft to be falfe your felf,
And then accufe me too.

Ferd. We all accufe each other, and each one denies their guilt.
I fhould be glad it were a mutual errour.
And therefore firft to clear my felf from fault,
Madam, I beg your pardon, while I fay I onely love
Your Sifter.

[*To Dorinda.*

Mir. O bleft word!
I'm fure I love no man but *Ferdinand*.

Dor. Nor I, Heaven knows, but my *Hippolyto*.

Hip. I never knew I lov'd fo much; before I fear'd
Dorinda's confancy, but now I am convinc'd that
I lov'd none but her, becaufe none elfe can
Recompence her lofs.

Ferd. 'Twas happy then we had this little trial.
But how we all fo much miftook, I know not.

Mir. I have onely this to fay in my defence: my Father fent Me hither,
to attend the wounded Stranger.

Dor. And *Hippolyto* fent me to beg the life of *Ferdinand*.

Ferd. From fuch fmall errours left at firft unheeded,
Have often fprung fad accidents in love:
But fee, our Fathers and our Friends are come
To mix their joys with ours.

Enter Proſpero, Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alonz. (*to Proſp.*) Let it no more be thought of, your purpoſe,
Though it was fevere, was juft. In loſing *Ferdinand*
I fhould have mourn'd, but could not have complain'd.

Proſp. Sir I am glad kind Heaven decreed it otherwiſe.

Dor. O wonder!
How many goodly Creatures are there here!
How beauteous Mankind is!

Hip. O brave new world, that has fuch People in't!

And Subjects none abroad: pray you looke in:
 My Dukedome since you haue giuen me againe,
 I will require you with as good a thing,
 At leaft bring forth a wonder, to content ye
 As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Prospero discouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chess.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No my dearest loue,
 I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should wrangle,
 And I would call it faire play.

Alo. If this proue
 A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
 Shall I twice loofe.

Seb. A most high miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
 I haue curs'd them without cause.

Alo. Now all the bleffings
 Of a glad father, compaffe thee about:
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.

Mir. O wonder!
 How many goodly creatures are there heere?
 How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world
 That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at play
 Your eld'ft acquaintance cannot be three houres:
 Is she the goddesse that hath seru'd vs,
 And brought vs thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortall;
 But by immortall prouidence, she's mine;
 I chose her when I could not ask my Father
 For his aduise: nor thought I had one: She
 Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,
 Of whom, so often I haue heard renowne,
 But neuer saw before: of whom I haue
 Receiu'd a second life; and second Father

Alonz. (to Ferd.) Now all the bleffings of a glad Father
Compaſs thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice.

Gonz. I've inward wept, or ſhould have ſpoke ere this.
Look down, ſweet Heaven, and on this Couple drop
A bleffed Crown, For it is you chalk'd out the
Way which brought us hither.

Ant. Though penitence forc'd by neceffity can ſcarce
Seem real, yet, deareſt Brother, I have hope
My bloud may plead for pardon with you; I reſign
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep,
But Heaven knows too, I would not.

Proſp. All paſt crimes I bury in the joy of this bleffed day.

Alonz. And that I may not be behind in Juſtice, to this
Young Prince I render back his Dukedom,
And as the Duke of *Mantua* thus ſalute him.

Hip. What is that you render back, methinks
You give me nothing.

Proſp. You are to be Lord of a great People,
And o'er Towns and Cities.

Hip. And ſhall theſe People be all Men and Women?

Gonz. Yes, and ſhall call you Lord.

Hip. Why then I'll live no longer in a Priſon, but
Have a whole Cave to my ſelf hereafter.

Proſp. And that your happineſs may be compleat,
I give you my *Dorinda* for your Wife, ſhe ſhall
Be yours for ever, when the Prieſt has made you one.

Hip. How can he make us one? ſhall I grow to her?

Proſp. By ſaying holy words you ſhall be joyn'd in Marriage
To each other.

Dor. I warrant you thoſe holy words are Charms.
My Father means to conjure us together.

Proſp. to his Daughter. My *Ariel* told me, when laſt night you quarrell'd
You ſaid you would for ever part your beds;
But what you threaten'd in your anger, Heaven
For you, *Miranda*, muſt with *Ferdinand*,
Has turn'd to Prophecy

This Lady makes him to me.

Alo. I am hers.

But O, how odly will it found, that I
Must aske my childe forgiueneffe?

Pro. There Sir stop,

Let vs not b urthen our remembrance, with
A heauineffe that's gon.

Gon. I haue inly wept,
Or should haue spoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a bleffed crowne;
For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.

Alto. I say Amen, *Gonzallo.*

Gon. Was *Millaine* thruft from *Millaine*, that his Iffue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O reioyce
Beyond a common ioy, and fet it downe
With gold on lafting Pillers: In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis*,
And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
Where he himfelfe was loft: *Prospero*, his Dukedome
In a poore Ifle: and all of vs, our felues,
When no man was his owne.

Alo. Giue me your hands:

Let grieffe and forrow ftill embrace his heart,
That doth not wifh ioy.

Gon. Be it fo, Amen.

Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatfwaine amazedly following.

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I prophefi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blaſphemy,
That fwear't Grace ore-boord, not an oath on fhore,
Haft thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?

Bot. The beft newes is, that we haue fafely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glaſſes ſince, we gaue out ſplit,
Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when

And you, *Dorinda*, with *Hippolyto* lie in
One Bed hereafter.

Alonz. And Heaven make those Beds still fruitfull in
Producing Children, to blefs their Parents
Youth, and Grandfires age.

Mir. to Dor. If Children come by lying in a Bed, I wonder you
And I had none between us.

Dor. Sister, it was our fault, we meant like fools
To look 'em in the fields, and they, it seems,
Are onely found in Beds.

Hip. I am o'rjoy'd that I shall have *Dorinda* in a Bed,
We'll lie all night and day together there,
And never rise again.

Ferd. (Aside to him) *Hippolyto!* you are yet ignorant of your great
Happinefs, but there is fomewhat, which for
Your own and fair *Dorinda's* fake, I must instruct
You in.

Hip. Pray teach me quickly how Men and Women in your
World make love, I shall soon learn,
I warrant you.

*Enter Ariel driving in Stephano, Trincalo, Muftacho,
Ventofo, Caliban, Sycorax.*

Prosp. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*, I shall miss thee,
But yet thou shalt have freedom.

Gonz. O look, Sir, look the Mafter and the Saylor——
The Bofen too——my Prophecy is out, that if
A Gallows were on land, that man could ne'r
Be drown'd.

Alonz. (to Trinc.) Now, Blasphemy, what not one Oath ashore?
Hast thou no mouth by Land? why star'ft thou so?

Trinc. What, more Dukes yet? I must resign my Dukedom;
But 'tis no matter, I was almost starv'd in 't.

Muft. Here's nothing but wild Sallads, without Oyl or Vinegar.

Steph. The Duke and Prince alive! would I had now our gallant Ship
agen, and were her Mafter, I'd willingly give all my Island for her.

We first put out to Sea.

Ar. Sir, all this seruice
Haue I done since I went.

Pro. My trickfey Spirit.

Alo. These are not naturall euent, they strengthen
From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd striue to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,
Where, but euen now, with strange, and feuerall noyses
Of roring, fhreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
And no diuerfitie of founds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

Pro. Brauely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.

Alo. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this businesse, more then nature
Was euer conduct of: some Oracle
Must recttifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,

Doe not infect your minde, with beating on
The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leifure
(Which shall be shortly fingle) I'll resolue you,
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of eery
These happened accidents: till when, be cheerfull
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

Vent. And I am Vice-Roy-ship.

Trinc I fhall need no hangman, for I fhall e'n hang
My felf, now my friend Butt has fhed his
Laft drop of life. Poor Butt is quite departed.

Ant. They talk like mad-men.

Profp. No matter, time will bring 'em to themselves, and
Now their Wine is gone they will not quarrel.
Your Ship is fafe and tight, and bravely rigg'd,
As when you firft fet Sail,

Alonz. This news is wonderful.

Ariel. Was it well done, my Lord?

Profp. Rarely, my Diligence.

Gonz. But pray, Sir what are thofe mifhapen Creatures?

Profp. Their Mother was a Witch, and one fo ftrong,
She would controul the Moon, make Flows
And Ebbs, and deal in her command without
Her power.

Syc. O *Setebos!* thefe be brave Sprights indeed.

Profp. (to *Calib.*) Go, Sirrah, to my Cell, and as you hope for Pardon
trim it up.

Calib. Most carefully. I will be wife hereafter.
What a dull Fool was I, to take thofe Drunkards
For Gods, when fuch as thefe were in the world?

Profp. Sir, I invite your Highnefs and your Train
To my poor Cave this night; a part of which
I will employ, in telling you my ftory.

Alonz. No doubt it muft be ftrangely taking, Sir.

Profp. When the morn draws, I'll bring you to your Ship,
And promife you calm Seas, and happy Gales.
My *Ariel*, that's thy charge: then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thee well.

Ariel. I'll do it, Mafter.

Profp. Now to make amends
For the rough treatment you have found to day,
I'll entertain you with my Magick Art:
I'll, by my power, transform this place, and call
Up thofe that fhall make good my promife to you.

*Enter Ariell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo in their stolne Apparell.*

Ste. Euery man fhift for all the reft, and let
No man take care for himfelfe; for all is
But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monfter *Corafio*.

Tri. If thefe be true fpies which I weare in my head, here's a goodly
fight.

Cal. O *Stebos*, thefe be braue Spirits indeede:
How fine my Mafter is? I am afraid
He will chaftife me.

Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are thefe, my Lord *Anthonio*?
Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine Fifh, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Marke but the badges of thefe men, my Lords,
Then fay if they be true: This mishapen knaue;
His Mother was a Witch, and one fo ftrong
That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,
And deale in her command, without her power:
Thefe three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell;
(For he's a bafard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of thefe Fellowes, you
Muft know, and owne, this Thing of darkneffe, I
Acknowledged mine.

Cal. I fhall be pincht to death.

Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunke now;
Where had he wine?

Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where fhould they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'ft thou in this pickle?

Tri. I haue bin in fuch a pickle fince I faw you laft,
That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:
I fhall not feare fly-blowing.

Seb. Why how now *Stephano*?

Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

[*Scene changes to the Rocks, with the Arch of Rocks, and calm Sea. Musick playing on the Rocks.*]

Prosp. Neptune, and your fair *Amphitrite*, rise;
Oceanus, with your *Tethys* too, appear;
 All ye Sea-Gods, and Goddeffes, appear!
 Come, all ye *Tritons*; all ye *Nereides*, come,
 And teach your fawcy Elements to obey:
 For you have Princes now to entertain,
 And unfoil'd Beauties, with fresh youthful Lovers.

[*Neptune, Amphitrite, Oceanus and Tethys appear in a Chariot drawn with Sea horses; on each side of the Chariot, Sea-gods and Goddeffes, Tritons and Nereides.*]

Alonz. This is prodigious.

Anto. Ah! what amazing Objects do we see?

Gonz. This Art doth much exceed all humane skill.

SONG.

Amph. **M***Y Lord: Great Neptune, for my sake,
 Of these bright Beauties pity take:
 And to the rest allow
 Your mercy too.
 Let this intraged Element be still,
 Let Aeolus obey my will:
 Let him his boystrous Prisoners safely keep
 In their dark Coverns, and no more
 Let 'um disturb the bosome of the Deep,
 Till these arrive upon their wish'd for Shore.*

Neptune. *So much my Amphitrite's love I prize,
 That no commands of hers I can despise.
 Tethys no furrows now shall wear,
 Oceanus no wrinkles on his brow,
 Let your sereneft looks appear!
 Be calm and gentle now.*

Nep. & Amph. *Be calm, ye great Parents of the Flouds and the Springs,
 While each Nereide and Triton Plays, Revels, and Sings.*

Pro. You'd be King o'the Ile, Sirha?

Ste. I should haue bin a fore one then.

Alo. This is a ftrange thing as ere I look'd on.

Pro. He is as difproportion'd in his Manners
As in his fhape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To haue my pardon, trim it handfomely.

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wife hereafter,
And feeke for grace: what a thrice double Affe
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worfhip this dull foole?

Pro. Goe to, away.

Alo. Hence, and beftow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or ftole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highneffe, and your traine
To my poore Cell: where you fhall take your reft
For this one night, which part of it, Ile wafte
With fuch difcourfe, as I not doubt, fhall make it
Goe quicke away: The ftory of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Ile: And in the morne
I'll bring you to your fhipe, and fo to *Naples*,
Where I haue hope to fee the nuptiall
Of thefe our deere-belou'd, folemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where
Euery third thought fhall be my graue.

Alo. I long

To heare the ftory of your life; which muft
Take the eare ftrangely.

Pro. I'll deliuer all,

And promife you calme Seas, aufpicious gales,
And faile, fo expeditious, that fhall catch
Your Royall fleete farre off: My *Ariel*; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: pleafe you draw neere.

Exeunt omnes.

Oceanus. . . Confine the roaring Winds, and we
Will soon obey you cheerfully.

Chorus of } Tie up the Winds, and we'll obey,
Tritons } Upon the Flouds we'll sing and play,
and Ner. } And celebrate a Halcyon day.

{ Here the Dan-
cers mingle with
the Singers.

Nept. Great Nephew Aeolus make no noise,
Muzle your roaring Boys.

[Aeolus appears.

Amph. Let 'em not bluster to disturb our ears,
Or strike these Noble Passengers with fears.

Nept. Afford 'em onely such an easie Gale,
As pleasantly may swell each Sail.

Amph. While fell Sea monsters cause intestine jars,
This Empire you invade with foreign Wars.

Nept. But you shall now be still,
And shall obey my Amphitrites will.

Aeolus de- } You I'll obey, who at one stroke can make,
fcends. } With your dread Trident, the whole earth to quake.

Come down, my Blusterers, swell no more,

Your stormy rage given o'r.

Let all black Tempests cease.

And let the troubled Ocean rest:

Let all the Sea enjoy as calm a peace,

As where the Halcyon builds her quiet Nest.

To your Prisons below,

Down down you must go:

You in the Earths Entrals your Revels may keep;

But no more till I call shall you trouble the Deep.

{ Winds from
the four cor-
ners appear.

[Winds fly down.

Now they are gone, all stormy Wars shall cease:

Then let you Trumpeters proclaim a Peace.

Amph. Tritons, my Sons, your Trumpets sound,
And let the noise from Neighbouring Shores rebound.

Chorus. } Sound a Calm.
} Sound a Calm.
} Sound a Calm.
} a Calm.
} Sound a Calm.

[Here the *Tritons*, at every repeat of *Sound a Calm*, changing their Figure and Postures, seem to sound their wreathed Trumpets made of Shells.

A Symphony of Musick, like Trumpets, to which four *Tritons* Dance.

Nept. *See, see, the Heavens smile, all your troubles are past,
Your joys by black Clouds shall no more be o'rcast.*

Amph. *On this barren Isle ye shall lose all your fears,
Leave behind all your sorrows, and banish your cares.*

Both. *And your Loves and your Lives shall on safety enjoy;
No influence of stars shall your quiet destroy.*

Chor. of all. { *And your Loves, &c.*
 { *No influence, &c.*

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers

Oceanus. *We'll safely convey you to your own happy Shore,
And yours and your Countrey's soft peace we'll restore.*

Tethys. *To treat your blest Lovers, as you sail on the Deep
The Tritons and Sea-Nymphs their Revels shall keep.*

Both. *On the swift Dolphins backs they shall sing and shall play;
They shall guard you by night, and delight you by day.*

Chorus of all. { *On the swift, &c.*
 { *And shall guard, &c.*

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers

[A Dance of twelve *Tritons*.

Miran. What charming things are these?

Dor. What heavenly power is this?

Prosper. Now, my *Ariel* be visible,
And let the rest of your Aerial Train
Appear, and entertain 'em with a Song;

[Scene changes to the Rising Sun, and a number of Aerial Spirits in the air, *Ariel* flying from the Sun, advances towards the Pit.

And then farewell my long lov'd *Ariel*.

Alon. Heav'n! what are these we see?

Pros. They are Spirits, with which the Air abounds
In swarms, but that they are not subject
To poor feeble mortal Eyes.

Anto. O wondrous skill!

Gonz. O power Divine!

Ariel and the rest sing the following Song.

Ariel.

Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,

In a Cowslips Bed I lie;

There I couch when Owls do cry.

On the Swallow wings I fly

After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,

Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bow.

[*Song ended, Ariel speaks, hovering in the Air.*]

Ariel. My Noble Master!

May theirs and your blest Joys never impair.

And for the freedom I enjoy in Air,

I will be still your *Ariel*, and wait

On airy accidents that work for Fate.

What ever shall your happiness concern,

From your still faithful *Ariel* you shall learn.

Pros. Thou hast been always diligent and kind!

Farewell, my long lov'd *Ariel*, thou shalt find,

I will preserve thee ever in my mind.

Henceforth this Isle to the afflicted be

A place of Refuge, as it was to me:

The promises of blooming Spring live here,

And all the blessings of the ripening Year.

On my retreat, let Heav'n and Nature smile,

And ever flourish the *Enchanted Isle*.

[*Exeunt*]

EPILOGVE,

Spoken by *Prospero*.

Now my *Charmes* are all ore-throwne,
 And what strength I haue's mine owne.
Which is most faint: now 'tis true
I must be heere confinde by you,
Or sent to Naples, Let me not
Since I haue my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd the deceiuer, dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell
But release me from my bands
With the helpe of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Must fill, or else my proiect failes,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
And my ending is despair,
Vnlesse I be relieu'd by praier
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free.

Exit.

F I N I S.



EPILOGUE

*Allants, by all good signs it does appear,
That Sixty seven's a very damning year;
For Knowes aboard, and for ill Poets here.*

*Among the Muses there's a gen'ral rot,
The Rhyming Mounfieur, and the Spanish Plot:
Defe or Court, all's one, they go to Pot.*

*The Ghosts of Poets walk within this place,
And haunt us Actors where foe'r we pass,
In Visions bloudier then King Richard's was.*

*For this poor Wretch, he has not much to say,
But quietly brings in his part o'th' Play,
And begs the favour to be damn'd to day.*

*He sends me onely like a Sh'riff's man here,
To let you know the Malefactor's near,
And that he means to die, en Cavalier.*

*For if you shou'd be gracious to his Pen,
Th' Example will prove ill to other men,
And you'l be troubl'd with 'em all agen.*

F I N I S.



